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Mail

"Light, Like the Sun"

By R. T. BOND—

Thanks for your article on cremation, which appeared in the April 3 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST. You stated that the article was based on a book by Frances Newton, but you did not find occasion to mention the title of the book. It was "Light, Like the Sun," was it not? New York City.

It was.—*Editor.*

Hobos

By DAN O'BRIEN, King of the Hobos—

I have derived a great deal of pleasure from perusing the article bearing on Hobodom and the Open Road which was published in the issue of April 10.

In my candid opinion, you have treated the subject matter both honestly and realistically, as well as with humor and sympathy. I feel sure that hobos throughout the country, as well as your legions of readers, including my so-called rivals, will agree with me in that respect.

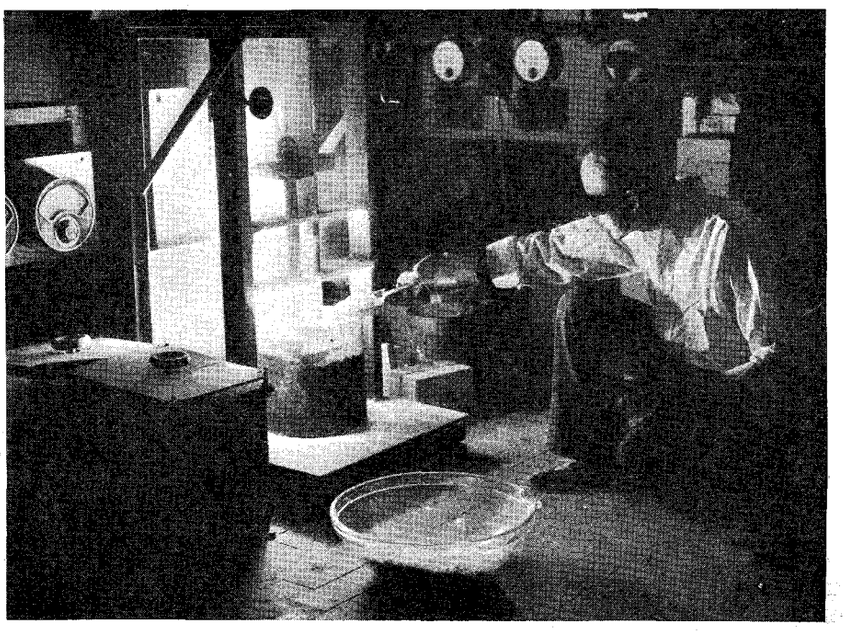
Several metropolitan newspaper men have been vainly searching for me since the publication of the article, indicating the interest aroused by the writings in journalistic and other circles.

I consider the photos and the sketches of the hobo artist George H. Edmunds brilliant, illuminating certain phases of hobo life. Such articles reveal intimate glimpses into hobo life and the philosophy of the Open Road and are eagerly consumed by his royal highness, *John Q. Public.* New York City.

By HARRY W. FLANNERY, Radio News Commentator—

THE LITERARY DIGEST has been a valuable source of information for me. So, upon reading your story of hobos in which Dan O'Brien,

(Continued on page 39)



White Heat Means a Cooler Kitchen

WORKING with searing heat at 5400 degrees Fahrenheit, G-E scientists have evolved more durable, more efficient heating units. These CALROD units, used in General Electric and in Hotpoint electric ranges, provide quick, clean, even heat —localized just where it is needed. This means a cooler kitchen. In thousands of plants, CALROD units are being used for industrial heating because they provide heat at a remarkable saving in cost.

But the CALROD unit is only one achievement of the ceramics experts in the G-E Research Laboratory. New and unusual kinds of glass serve as vital parts in sodium lamps that light miles of American highways—light them for greater safety for drivers and pedestrians. Large insulators support the wires that bring electric power from the generators to your home; tiny insulating blocks help to maintain the high quality of reception in your radio tubes. To these, too, General Electric scientists, in Schenectady, have brought important improvements.

These examples are but a few of the contributions of research which has stimulated industry, increased employment, made available more things for more people at less cost.

G-E research has saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar it has earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Her FIRST Telephone Call

A BRAND-NEW CUSTOMER used the telephone this morning. Betty Sue called up that nice little girl around the corner.

Every day, hundreds of Betty Sues speak their first sentences into the telephone. Just little folks, with casual, friendly greetings to each other. Yet their calls are handled as quickly and efficiently as if they concerned the most important affairs of Mother and Daddy. For there is no distinction in telephone service. Its benefits are available to all — old and young, rich and poor alike. To Betty Sue, the telephone may some day become commonplace. But it is never that to the workers in the Bell System.

There is constant, never-ending search for ways to improve the speed, clarity and efficiency of your telephone calls . . . to provide the most service, and the best, at the lowest possible cost.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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The Literary Digest
NEW YORK APRIL 24, 1937

Topics of the day

STORM-CLOUDS IN LEGISLATIVE SKY

"Judicial Reform," "Collective Bargaining" Twin Headaches

For ten weeks, Americans watched the momentous issues of "judicial reform" and "collective bargaining" move side by side across the national stage against a kaleidoscopic background of sit-down strikes, inflamed tempers, violent castigations of Nine Reactionary Old Men and equally fervid outbursts against judicial "packing."

Last week, the event which Americans had been anticipating for two and one-half months happened. In the great marble home of the United States Supreme Court, the paths of "judicial reform" and "collective bargaining" crossed. In a series of five decisions, the Nine ruled that Congress was within Constitutional bounds in guaranteeing to workers through the National Labor Relations (Wagner) Act the right to organize for collective bargaining.

Theoretically, workers no longer had to drop their tools and fold their arms to squeeze this concession from adamant bosses. Theoretically, the Nine had about-faced, donned habiliments of liberalism, removed the need for "infusion of new blood" through the Roosevelt Court-enlargement plan.

Effect on Court

Theoretically——. Actually, what were the immediate, practical effects of the decision on such highly important subjects as S-1392, the Administration-sponsored bill embodying the reorganization of the Supreme Court; on the automobile industry, which was making a mighty effort to shake off the paralyzing grip of the strike; on the oil and textile industries, which John L. Lewis and his legion of C.I.O. organizers were about to advance upon?

Cynic—To the first of these questions, Sen. James F. Byrnes of South Carolina last week made the cynical reply: "I don't know what effect the Court decision will have on the President's plans, but I do know what effect the President's plans have had on the Court."

Other members of the Upper Chamber may have agreed with Byrnes's implication that the Administration threat of Court-enlargement, supported by public clamor against the Court's steadily conservative view-point, had edged the Nine over to the liberal side of the road, but they were far less vague in their discussions of the effect of the Wagner Act decision on S-1392.

Thus, Connally (Texas, D.): "The decision will slow up the drive behind the Court Reorganization bill. . . ." Gerry (Rhode Island, D.): "It tosses the . . . bill out of the window." George (Georgia, D.): "The decisions . . . ought to eliminate any remaining argument for that bill." Copeland (New York, D.): "It blows the President's Court plan out of the water. . . ." Townsend (Delaware, R.): "I think the . . . plan will collapse."

Line-Up—Commented Paul Mallon, columnist, last Thursday: "A fair, careful, impartial check and double-check of the Senate indicates the inside situation to be as follows:

"The President seems to have a good chance to get fifty votes, of which ten are by no means certain.

"The Opposition has forty votes sure and will get at least four more for a probable total of forty-four.

"Only two Senators are still really doubtful and they will probably vote against. This means the situation is so tight as to be really dangerous from the President's standpoint. . . ."

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Senator Byrnes . . . he knows—what he knows

Shifts — Compromise movements grew stronger day by day, with a three-cornered objective in view:

1. *To make Supreme Court liberalism a certainty for future decisions on social security, legislation regulating wages and hours, the program of the Tennessee Valley Authority.*
2. *To heal the split in Democracy's ranks caused by prolonged controversy over the reorganization bill.*
3. *To save the President's face.*

With this objective in mind, Sen. Pat McCarran of Nevada, loyal supporter of the Administration, introduced an amendment to S-1392 providing for a flat increase of the High Court to eleven members.

The Senate Judiciary Committee, however, was not yet prepared to look seriously into the matter of compromise. At a week-end executive session, it decided to continue open hearings on S-1392 for another fortnight and thus give both the Opposition and Administration forces time to strengthen their lines for the furious battle that will materialize when the Court-enlargement bill reaches the Senate floor.

Effect on Labor

The day after the decision on the Wagner Act, local offices of the National Labor Relations Board were swamped with phone-calls from anxious employers who wanted to know what they had to do to comply to the letter with the provisions of the Act. It remained for the shipping industry, battered and buffeted all last fall by a coastal strike extending from Boston to Seattle, to give a concrete example of how the NLRB expects the boss to act when the boys drop their hammers and begin making "demands."

When sixty-six members of the crew of S.S. *President Roosevelt*, United States Lines, sat down at their jobs in New York Harbor in protest against the hiring of nine engine-room workers who had maintained an "unsympathetic" attitude toward the strike of last fall, John M. Franklin, President of the International Mercantile Marine Corporation (of which United States Lines is a subsidiary), promptly petitioned Mrs. Elinore M. Herrick, Regional NLRB Director, "for relief under the Wagner Act," declaring that a "serious dispute" had arisen among the men employed on I.M.M. ships "as to who are the duly authorized representatives of its men."

Twenty-four hours later, Director Herrick announced that "the question of an election to determine the proper bargaining agencies will be the subject of joint conferences between representatives of the owners, the unions and the NLRB." The announcement stated further that, pending the conference, "all I.M.M. ships now tied up shall be sailed at once."

Parleys—For industrialists who wanted further information on how and when to apply the Wagner Act's formula for industrial peace, Secretary of Labor Perkins organized a series of "constructive conferences on collective bargaining," the first of which was held this week. Invitations went out to such industrialists as Myron

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C. Taylor, Walter C. Teagle of Standard Oil and Colby M. Chester, President of the National Association of Manufacturers; to such labor Titans as John L. Lewis and William Green; to such Bureau Administrators as Jesse Jones of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, J. Warren Madden, NLRB Chairman, and John G. Winant of the Social Security Board.

Tho the avowed purpose of the conferences was to define "functions of both parties" (labor and management) in collective bargaining, Madame Perkins's unexpressed hope was to put the heads of workers and bosses together over the knotty problem of composing a national collective bargaining code to complement the Wagner Act.

Clouds—At other points along the labor front last week trouble of a far different nature loomed—trouble which would not lend itself to quick and amicable settlement, but rather would put the Wagner Act to its most severe test.

Two weeks ago, organizers for the C.I.O. marched into Texas to line up oil-workers behind John L. Lewis. Last week, John P. Frey, a Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor, and bitter foe of the Lewisites, also was in Texas—on the same mission, but in behalf of the A.F.L.

Soon these factions must be at each other's throats in a tooth-and-nail battle for control of the 1,000,000 men who work at oil, and when that day comes the Labor Board will be called upon to step between and decide who is to have jurisdiction.

Observers got a small idea of the size and shape of the oil-war last week when John Frey made a blunt charge to the effect that the C.I.O. had dispatched thirty-six Communists to Texas to lead its unionizing campaign.

If the Supreme Court's decision on the Wagner Act spurred organizers in Texas, it did at least as much for the men who are moving quietly through the 6,000 textile-mills strung up and down the Atlantic coast, bent on the same errand. Because textile-mills, unlike auto-plants, are scattered widely and under diversified control (some 3,500 independent corporations), C.I.O. strategists such as Sidney B. Hillman and David Dubinsky decided long ago that the sit-down strike would be a useless weapon. It would be virtually impossible for a few squatting workmen in a few plants to cripple the whole industry. Then, too, they feared the violence that might result from such tactics in the rabidly antiunion South.

Strategy—What they decided upon was unionization by infiltration. Organizers would move into mill regions, organize workers on the sly, ultimately force concessions through power of numbers. But no member of the National Labor Relations Board would be worth his $10,000 a year if he did not know that Southern mill-operators are wise to such strategy and will resist it stubbornly. It is inevitable that the Board soon must have a piping-hot textile strike, like that of 1934, dumped into its lap.

American and British Labor Laws

The prime contention of critics of the National Labor Relations Act is that, while the law guarantees for labor the right to organize for collective bargaining, and enumerates other "rights of employees," it says nothing of the rights of employers. A sound national industrial policy, they argue, should list the rights and duties of both groups. They offer as a model law Great Britain's Trade Disputes and Trade Unions Act, which Parliament passed after the great General Strike of 1926. Below is a summary of the main provisions of both the American and British labor laws:

National Labor Relations Act

"Experience has proved," says the Act, under the introductory heading, *Findings and Policy*, "that protection by law of the right of employees to organize and bargain collectively safeguards commerce from injury . . . by removing certain recognized sources of industrial strife and unrest, by encouraging practises fundamental to the friendly adjustment of industrial disputes . . . and by restoring equality of bargaining power between employers and employees."

After asserting the right of employees "to form, join or assist labor organizations," and "to bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing," the Act lists specifically practises that might interfere with this right. Thus, "it shall be an unfair labor practise for an employer" to:

Influence the administration of a union,
Encourage or discourage membership in a union by "discrimination in regard to hire or tenure of employment,"
Discriminate against an employee for giving testimony under the Act,
Refuse to bargain collectively with the representatives of his employees.

The instrument for preventing these unfair labor practises is the three-man National Labor Relations Board set up by the Act. It is the Board's duty to decide which of several labor organizations in a plant represents a majority of the workers, to investigate disputes, to order an industry to "cease and desist" from unfair practises, to petition the Circuit Courts to enforce its orders.

Final provision: "Nothing in this Act shall be construed so as to interfere with or impede or diminish in any way the right to strike."

Trade Disputes and Trade Unions Act

Under the British law, strikes or lockouts are illegal if they (1) have any object other than the furtherance of a trade dispute in the industry in which the strikers or employers locking-out are engaged, (2) are designed "to coerce the Government either directly or by inflicting hardship upon the community." Thus the law prohibits general and sympathetic strikes.

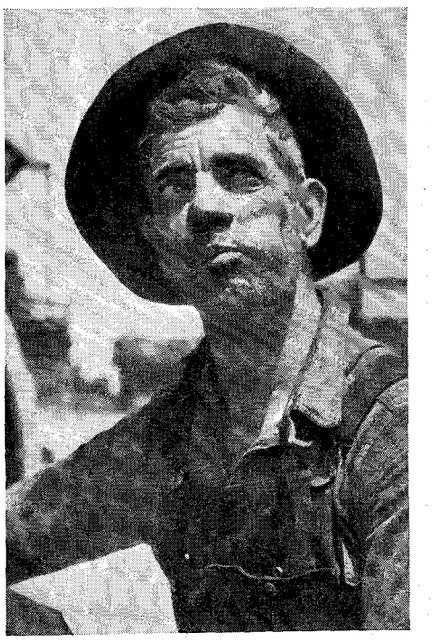
Unions and employer organizations are not allowed to make reprisals against members who refuse to take part in an illegal strike or lockout.

Mass picketing to intimidate a worker or to shut off the entrances of a plant or to cause a disturbance is illegal.

If unions contribute funds to a political party they must make a special accounting of such contributions to the Government. No union member can be forced to contribute to a political fund unless he has filed with his officers a formal intention of his willingness to do so.

It is illegal for "any local or other public authority" to make membership or non-membership in a union a condition of employment or the basis for discriminating among workers. Nor is it lawful for a public authority to make membership or non-membership in a union a condition of a contract.

The courts are empowered to enjoin the use of union funds to support an illegal strike.



Pictures, Inc.

Iron Jaw Saxon and C. Maris, and A.F.L. would like to sign Texas oil-workers: both C.I.O. them up with fellow workers

Effect on Industry

"Henry Ford is not bigger than the United States Government," crowed Homer Martin, President of the United Automobile Workers, last week. "The Supreme Court has given its decision and the law will act. Henry Ford can do but one thing — recognize and deal with the union. . . ."

Such was his answer to Ford's announcement a week earlier that he never would recognize a labor-union. Already, U.A.W. organizers were busy along the Ford assembly-lines. Of the three big automobile-plants—General Motors, Chrysler, Ford—the union was weakest in the Ford factory. It would be six months before Martin could sign up enough men to wage open warfare.

But the important thing was that, through the Wagner Act decision, he was free to carry on the signing when and where he chose.

Temporarily, the attention of the U.A.W. was diverted from the gigantic Ford plants at Dearborn and River Rouge by trouble across the Canadian border. Late in the week, Mitchell F. Hepburn, Premier of the Province of Ontario, abruptly walked out of a conference designed to end the ten-day strike of 3,700

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workers in the General Motors factory at Oshawa.

He accused John L. Lewis and Homer Martin of trying to dominate the peace conference by "remote control," and renewed a brave vow that Canadian industry would have nothing to do with the Committee for Industrial Organization as long as he was Premier. C.I.O. leaders promptly came back with a threat to call out General Motors workers on both sides of the border in a great sympathy strike.

Results—Such were the immediate effects of the sudden change of attitude on the part of the Nine. More significant were the long-range results which lawyers and editorial writers saw rising from the decision. Some predicted the decline of John L. Lewis. He would lose his power to call sit-down strikes, he would yield to the National Labor Relations Board in the matter of dictating wages and working conditions, his prestige would die and he soon would find himself completely overshadowed by a government bureau.

Others maintained that the Supreme Court had upheld a flimsy piece of legislation which bases its claim to recognition only on the fact that it guarantees collective bargaining. Thus, Carr V. Van Anda, one-time Managing Editor of the New York *Times*, pointed out in a letter to his old paper that the Court's decision declared:

"The Act does not compel agreement between employers and employees. . . . It does not prevent an employer 'from refusing to make a collective contract and hiring individuals on whatever terms' the employer 'may by unilateral action determine.'"

Under this ruling, what becomes of the oft-asserted right of the striker to his abandoned job, after the employer has rejected the terms of a proposed collective agreement? asked Van Anda.

"One may readily imagine the astute Mr. Ford as accepting the situation, politely listening to the deputation from the new union and with equal politeness rejecting its terms. . . ."

Oracles—Columnist Mark Sullivan carried this same thought a step further. "The Supreme Court in a sense has passed back to Congress a 'buck' which Congress has long been passing to the Court. . . . The Court only held the Wagner Law to be within the Constitution. The Court didn't say whether it is a good law or a bad one. Much of Congress and many out of Congress . . . know it to be badly inspired, badly written and generally unworkable. . . . It is now up to Congress to perform several surgical operations on the Act."

Added Walter Lippmann: ". . . Henceforth, the big industries and the big unions are within the Federal power and Congress may legislate for industrial peace between them. . . . The power can be used not only to compel employers to deal with unions, but to compel unions to avoid strikes."

Press Comment

Editorial writers, commenting on the Court's decisions, in many cases besought the President to scuttle his Court-enlargement program:

Indianapolis Star: "The liberal view . . . should go a long way toward appeasing those who have been loudest in proclaiming that tribunal as reactionary."

Minneapolis Tribune: "The Court which the President so bitterly condemns gives no evidence whatsoever of being dominated by stodgy and unbending reactionaries."

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "It extends Congressional power over a very large and, unfortunately, a very indefinite territory. . . . The apparent inconsistency between these decisions and those of the past . . . is difficult to understand."

Knickerbocker Press (Albany): "The Court obviously continues to go on ruling according to the Constitution with superb indifference to who sits in the White House or what Party holds power."

New York Times: "The majority of the Court plainly ranged itself on the side of the 'broad constructionists.' . . . What more can the Roosevelt Administration reasonably ask . . . ?"

Richmond Times-Dispatch: "It appears quite possible that wages and hours can be regulated Federally, under the Court's Wagner Act rulings."

Buffalo Courier-Express: "The decisions will strengthen the hands of opponents of Court-packing. . . . It would be too much to expect, however, that Mr. Roosevelt will abandon or modify his determination."

Los Angeles Illustrated Daily News: "Employers have regarded the Wagner Act as . . . unfair and un-American. . . . We predict they shortly will come to rely on it as an arm . . . that alone can bring . . . order out of the chaos of labor trouble."

Detroit News: "The decision . . . swept away most, if not all, of the assumed limitations on Federal powers that impelled President Roosevelt . . . to propose packing the Court."

Philadelphia Record: "Once again Mr. Justice Roberts changed the Constitution by changing his mind. . . . The decisions make it impossible for conservatives to pretend any longer that the justices . . . are merely scientific legal instruments, registering questions of constitutionality with the precision of a cash-register."

Kansas City Times: "The Court . . . has shown . . . that with its present personnel and numbers it is entirely capable of recognizing the rights of the worker."

Philadelphia Inquirer: "Altho the constitutionality of the Wagner Act now has been upheld, the measure none the less has defects which tend to make it . . . unsatisfactory. Congress should . . . revise its one-sided provisions."

St. Paul Pioneer-Press: "The decisions . . . open the door to real stabilization of the industrial situation, with authority and responsibility squarely in the hands of the Administration."

San Francisco Chronicle: "If it shall spell the doom of Mr. Roosevelt's rash and anti-Constitutional revolutionary *coup d'état*, believers in representative Government and democratic Government will breathe easier."

QUICK RICHES: Chain-Letters Sucker Food Until Postman Gets Tired and Calls on Courts

"This charm was started in the hope of bringing you prosperity. Within three days make five copies of this letter, leaving off the top name and address and adding your name and address at the bottom of the list and send to five of your friends to whom you wish prosperity to come."

Ever receive one?

Yeah, and how they made you curse, fume and sputter. After a liberal purge of high-toned expletives, you usually managed to think of five friends whom you could annoy horribly by sending the blasted letter to them.

At first, chain-letters were carefully typed on tissue-paper which held a maximum of superstitions for those who were willing to believe that "this letter was started in the fields of Flanders for the good of humanity," *etc.* After that came an explanation that the letter had brought a fortune to some fading movie star and

© International

The chain-letter clubs, with their blatant promises of wealth, supplied the kernel of a money-making scheme of vast proportions

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a husband to another creature of the arc-lights. It was all very confusing, because in that morning's newspaper you had just read that the same movie star was broke and that the other gal had just lost her 'umpteenth spouse.

No one knows who the hero was who started this strange vogue. It really wasn't very serious until people started sending dimes and quarters—and Hollywood obliged with $10 chain-letters. But when money entered the question, so did racketeers.

Wealth—Out in Denver, the craze hit its peak several years ago when half the population was on chain-letter-relief. After multiplying, subtracting and dividing, statisticians computed that the original sender would receive some 15,625 dimes, amounting to $1,562.50.

Business in the postal line wasn't booming at the time, so Postmaster General Jim Farley rather condoned initial onslaughts of chain-letters. When his trusty Colorado representatives began pinching letters to see if there were dimes inside, authorities began to wonder. Fun's fun on a postman's holiday, but—300,000 dimes in one morning's mail was too much.

With surprizing alacrity, authorities began investigating and—so they say—doing more than a little pinching of the letters with the dimes in them. Legally, all Denver was liable to arrest. So 100 more men were added to the postal force.

Like other crazes, the dime-letters calmed down. Nationally, the thing was dead. Locally, it sputtered and flamed in a number of communities. Complaints began to reach Washington about a number of get-rich-quick schemes. Last week, the Better Business Bureau expressed general disapproval of all such schemes. The Post Office Department turned its flirtatious shoulder on the various enterprises as well—but nothing could be done about them if the mails weren't used.

Crazes—This new variation takes diverse form. In Toledo, Ohio, it's a radio club; in Dayton, Ohio, a recreational-park membership plan, and in Atlantic City, New Jersey, a vacation-fund club. Other tricky offshoots have sprung up in Fort Wayne, Indiana; Miami, Florida; Ponca City, Oklahoma, and Denver. Some people assert Ponca City was the model for all other schemes.

One of the minds behind the new schemes is said to be John S. Winter of the Ruby Hospital in Ponca City. Back in 1935, he started a scheme to acquire a building-fund, collected from more than 100,000 persons before the Post Office issued a fraud order in January, 1936.

There was some basis of honesty in this venture, as $1,800 actually was spent in adding more rooms to the small hospital, which originally held twenty-five beds. After the addition was made, however, the hospital still held only twenty-five beds; the new space being devoted to offices for the staff running the chain-letter scheme. Winter admits that his salary, personal and living expenses came out of the joint bank-account possessed by the hospital and the chain-letter enterprise. In December, $4,000 was roped in.

Stop—Null M. Hodapp, owner and promoter of the Argonne Forest Park in Dayton, Ohio, was next to seize the idea, modeling his two organizations closely after the Ponca City original. His venture started rolling in April of last year, hit its peak by November. In February of this year alone, the income slithered up to $22,000 for the Argonne Forest Park Maintenance and Building Fund Club. Fraud orders stopped these schemes.

Another head-liner among this year's crop of chain-letter organizations is the Atlantic City Vacation Fund Club, Inc., which was nipped in its first thousands by a postal fraud order on March 27. Colorado Vacation Camps, Inc., and Lake San Cristobal Club Resort, Inc.—both of Denver—were faced with fraud orders issued on April 9 and 10, respectively.

"It having been made to appear to the Postmaster General upon evidence satisfactory to him, that ———, engaged in conducting a scheme or device for obtaining money through the mails by means of false and fraudulent pretenses, representations and promises. . . ."

That's the way the fraud orders start. They are directed against the schemes rather than the persons involved. All such an order really means is that the postman doesn't ring at all when he passes the offices of those companies. Mail then is returned if an address is given; if not, it is sent to the Dead Letter Office.

Acme

Darkness and uncertainty face oxygen-equipped rescue squads that make their way to the scene of coal-mining's greatest tragedy . . . cave-in

THUNDER BELOW: Cave-Ins Common in Coal-Fields; Man-Made Quakes Bring Tragedy

In Swoyersville, Pennsylvania, parishioners of St. Nicholas's Greek Catholic Church last week tried to listen to their priest at a service in preparation for the Greek Orthodox Easter, May 2. In the midst of the service, a low rumbling sound, like the thunder of a storm in the hills, rose from beneath their feet. It drowned out the words of the priest; the building shook. As soon as the disturbance was over, the service continued.

To inhabitants of Pennsylvania's anthracite region, man-made earthquakes of mine cave-ins are common phenomena. In WPA worker Joe Piazzi's home on Oliver Street, a visitor mounting the stairs to his second-floor apartment may see ragged cracks that break the monotony of green-painted walls and ceilings. "Look!" says Joe, laughing and sticking a big, toil-calloused finger into one of them. His wife dutifully smiles.

Joe then takes a spool of thread from a sideboard, lays it on the floor. Speedily, it rolls to the far side of the room. "Nice and even, ain't it?" Joe asks.

Fissures—Throughout the region in Wilkes-Barre and Scranton areas, many homes contain cracks. In Duryea, a visitor at the cemetery finds gravestones toppled; in Swoyersville, a car-owner finds his machine in a nose-dive against the end of his garage. Listing walls, broken sewers and gas-mains still alarm householders in Edwardsville, Plymouth, Larksville, Luzerne, Wyoming, Kingston.

A visitor to the coal regions may tell he is in the mine-cave region by the depressions, or subsidences, in the earth's surface, breaks in ways which sometimes are fifteen to twenty feet long. Causes of mine-caves bring one into the realm where Nature fights against the encroachment of enterprising, but greedy, man.

In an abandoned mine, darkness and silence surpass all previous imaginings. By a miner's light, rotting timbers and black pools of water offer a setting like the blackest of Dante's journeys. The sudden loosening of a piece of slate makes a thundering sound, causing the heart to stand still with fear.

All coal which could be mined safely already has been removed by shaft or slope. It is "robbing the pillars" that causes the caving. When coal-mining was young, solid veins were cut into, these "gangways" branching off into chambers where individual miners worked. Going deeper into their work, miners left solid blocks of coal for roof-support. As veins became thinner and miners started working their way back, these pillars were dug out. Roofs caved, surface-soil sagged, gas-main breaks and road-cracks resulted, still do.

Other alleged cave-in causes:

(1) Present-day influx of independents

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who lease mines abandoned by larger companies; independent operators, working two or three shifts a day, who don't give dynamited ground time to settle.

(2) Higher mechanical efficiency which places no regard on surface rights.

(3) Infrequent judicial attempts to rectify conditions which always run into old property deeds.

At one time, perhaps two-dozen early settlers owned anthracite lands "from the middle of the earth to the top of the sky." When coal-mining started and workers were needed, they were imported from England, Wales, Austria, Germany and Poland. For their homes, operators sold land to them with the stipulation that the new settlers owned only the surface, between sixteen and forty feet down into the ground, that the original owners had the right to mine the coal underneath without grievance or redress on the buyer's part. As coal-companies owned the only available land around their workings, whole towns are bound up with surface rights only.

Lawyers are loath to file suit against coal-companies for damages objected to by irate home-owners.

They point to the fact that the Kohler Act, passed by the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1921, "an Act Regulating the Mining of Anthracite Coal," was declared unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court.

Taxpayers' associations in the Scranton and Wilkes-Barre coal-areas, recently laying their grievances before Gov. George H. Earle, got prompt action. The State Mine Commission, recently named to investigate "bootleg" coal in the southern anthracite fields, received orders to look into the subsidence angle. Its Chairman, W. Jett Lauck, Washington economist, stated that the Commission would act "as soon as we are through with the bootlegging problem."

Tragedies—With recent rumblings such as that in Swoyersville last week, old-timers recount never-to-be-forgotten disasters, among them the Stockton mine cave-in in December, 1869. At five o'clock that winter morning, the roof of the mine fell, dropping two double tenement-houses into a pit which immediately turned into a blazing inferno. Ten persons lost their lives.

HENPECKED KANSANS: Males Endanger Beer, Vote Complaining Women Into Office

Here and there over the country there is evidence that the traditional male office-holder is getting a little weary of political back-seat driving—and knows what to do about it.

Last week, two Arkansas towns and one Kansas village reported shattering victories for the powder-puff flank of political aspirants.

Of the three, Brookland, Arkansas, had the biggest field-day for the skirted ilk. Town of 270 population, Brookland now has five women aldermen. Mrs. Rex Moore, thirty-eight, mother of a seventeen-year-old boy and fifteen-year-old girl, told how it happened:

"We women who were elected had no idea we were running for office," bewailed Mrs. Moore. "I did not know I was a candidate until I went to vote at four o'clock on Election day.

"The men of the town put us in office. Seems like they wanted to shift the responsibility to us, and we're going to take it over. This town has not been clean morally or physically and we hope to clean it up. Yes—we have a place here that sells beer, but we have no liquor stores. I can't say whether we will close the beer place up."

Vengeance—Craighead County politicians confirm that the election of the women was engineered by the town's male inhabitants, who were tired of the female criticism of the way they had run the village.

Over at Ford, Kansas (pop. 197), the election had more tragic implications. Eighty-one-year-old John Small was routed by Mrs. Katherine Ermie, fifty-year-old farmer's wife and Superintendent of the Telephone Exchange. Now she's Madame Mayor and by her side is a woman Police Judge, Mrs. W. B. Warner, who works on a fee basis.

"This election started as a joke," warned the Judge. "But when we heard that men interested in beer were interested in defeating us, we got our dander up."

Mayor Ermie nodded approval. "We're in for two years at least and there won't be any places licensed to sell beer."

CHEATING UNCLE: U. S. Set to Catch Petty Thieves Who Smuggle Foreign Purchases

When *Mrs. van Swank* conveniently forgets to enter on her Baggage Declaration and Entry the string of pearls (see cartoon) she bought in the Rue de la Paix, *Uncle Sam* loses a whacking wad of cash dutiable under tariff laws. That is, if the lynx-eyed Customs Inspector doesn't catch her red-handed.

Chances are, the Inspector knows all about the necklace she bought in Paris, also all about the wafer-thin platinum watch *Mr. van Swank* bought in Switzerland. With the Customs, honesty is the best policy.

Yet, there is more of this petty smuggling right now than at any time during the depression. Hard-boiled economists call this cheap thievery another portent that prosperity is waxing.

Big Job — Every ship calling at an American port, whether ocean greyhound or storm-battered tramp, is a potential smuggling vehicle. Every passenger, particularly homecoming Americans, is another potential smuggler. Last year, out of half-a-million persons landing within the Port of New York, 4,500 of them tried to get away with smuggling, small-time or big-time.

Five hundred Inspectors had their hands full catching them.

It's estimated that 100 times more goods are successfully smuggled to each lawbreaker caught.

Like the *van Swanks*, professionals try to bring in dutiable articles small in bulk but great in value — narcotics, gems and watch movements — through ports of entry.

Ingenuity of these sleek crooks gives Customs officials many a headache. Trend of this smuggling is all away from luggage with false bottoms or sides toward undershirts. Without a bulge, a trick, custom-made undervest will carry as many as 1,000 Swiss watch-movements.

Humped — Jewel-smugglers are clever. One scalawag landed in New York twenty-six times as a hunchback. On the twenty-seventh trip, Customs Inspectors dug scads of diamonds out of his hump. Fountain pens, tooth-paste, bars of soap, ear-trumpets, nursing-bottles and cartridges have yielded their illicit spoil of dutiable jewelry.

Gem-smuggling is on the wane, largely because the common informer gets one-fourth of the value of the jewels. Almost 90 per cent. of smuggling captures follow tip-offs by foreign agents.

High-potential detective work isn't

By George Mabie, courtesy This Week Magazine

"You're wonderful, Inspector! I hunted high and low for those pearls!"

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wasted on the smaller-fry dowagers and débutantes who try to sneak through with undeclared frocks, furs and lingerie. Most of these undeclared caches are confiscated right on the pier.

Tact — Rather than snooping gum-shoes, Customs Inspectors must be spatted diplomats. While they examine all baggage, they do not search it all. They rely on tact in conversation, powers of observation and shrewd judgment of human nature.

Evasive, nervous, abusive voyagers put the Inspectors on guard. Easily spotted, chiselers usually come out second best in a battle of wits.

If travelers studied up on their Customs lore more carefully, there would be fewer attempts to cheat *Uncle Sam*. Smuggling losses perhaps are balanced by overpayments made by the homecomer who doesn't know how properly to take advantage of what the laws allow.

Well-filled-out forms bring friendly glints into the Inspector's eye where a

Underwood

Ingenious minds find ways to smuggle dope... even looped garters couldn't get by forever

$10 bill, surreptitiously tendered, only brings bad luck.

Taking allowance of liberal devaluations for wholesale prices are second-hand (worn) goods bought abroad, Americans needn't worry overmuch about the Customs. Much can be brought in this way (except liquor and tobacco).

Best faculties to bring to the dock are a clear head and clean conscience. Then, the Customs Inspector looks more like a winged cherub than horned devil.

TWO-BIT HOST: For a Shilling in England, Quarter Here, Youth-Hostel Puts You Up

Heavy-soled shoes, bare brown legs, shorts, a small knapsack—maybe a feather in a battered, jaunty cap: These are the badges of hiker and cyclist. As sunny April began to thaw out most of North America last week, youthful adventurers of the road waited for paths to stretch, brown against green hillsides, toward youth-hostels with latch-strings out.

Youth-hostels are something new in the great American out-of-doors: made-over barns, cabins or cozy farmhouses where trampers or horseback riders can stop overnight for twenty-five cents, cook meals at a common stove or fireplace, and find Adventure, East and West.

The East already has seventy-six overnight stopping-places through New England. This year, the West will join the movement that has swept Europe and bids fair to get most of Young America to enjoy the out-of-doors.

Survey—Richard Silverthorn, Stanford University instructor, finished a study-course in hosteling at Northfield, Massachusetts (headquarters of the American Youth Hostel Association), and is working to establish a California loop.

Northward, in Calgary, Alberta, Dorothy Allen was packing bags this week to begin on May 1 a similar study of hostels, so that in June she can supervise the Rocky Mountain chain.

Mentors in such instruction are Isabel and Monroe Smith, American pioneers in hosteling. Four years ago, they bicycled through Central Europe, came back to volunteer Isabel's art ability, Monroe's Boy Scout-leading experience toward developing American hostels. Married thirteen years, they have two children, Betty, eleven, and Stephen, five, who also hike and cycle.

Under the Smith leadership, seventy-six hostels (usually fifteen miles apart) have been strung from Pawling, New York, through Connecticut and Rhode Island, Vermont, Massachusetts and New Hampshire to Fryeburg, Maine. Last year, 9,500 guests used them.

Each hostel has sleeping-rooms for boys and for girls, a common room for cooking, singing, reading, perhaps a store for supplies.

Hostelers bring their own "sleeping-sacks" (the English call them "sheet-bags"), find rough beds, plenty of blankets. Drinking and smoking is not allowed in hostels and lights must be out early, for most hostelers are away by 8 A.M.

Token—The only admission badge to a hostel is the $1 membership card ($2 for adults over twenty-five). With a twenty-five-cent international stamp, this card is good in eighteen European countries, 4,000 hostels.

For twenty-five years, Germany has had hostels. Herr Richard Schirrmann, to-day still a hiker at sixty-two, started the first hostels near Altena, Westphalia, where he was a young schoolmaster. When the War began, there were 200 hostels, 21,000 guests a year.

Other countries took up the idea after the Armistice. Now, British "bike-pushers" and all nationalities of Alpine climbers use hostels.

Six million "overnighters" a year is the record, each paying about the same price—a shilling, a mark, a couple of pengoes a night.

A hostel may be an abandoned railroad station, an old mill, a castle on the Rhine, or an old blacksmith's shop; a few are specially built.

Some have rough straw ticks on wooden double-decker beds; others have more pretentious (and comfortable) cot-beds. One, in England, is a small ship on dry land, with the cabin gaudily bedecked, the berths waiting invitingly for any cycle-weary travelers.

Money for equipping hostels and paying the wardens or house-parents usually is from endowments. In Great Britain, the Carnegie Foundation gave $110,000. Service clubs, community chests, city governments—each may equip a hostel.

So necessary have hosteling and traveling become to some countries that many a high school requires a summer of hiking or cycling for graduation.

But it's easier in Europe to see a whole country in a month or two; United States hostelers, with the two chains 3,000 miles apart, had to evolve a way to hike and yet not be marooned between hostels.

So, this year, the newest idea in hostel-travel will appear: rolling youth-hostels—old Pullman cars, made over to "sleep" a score of travelers, with separate wash-rooms, two stoves. For $99.47 (or a cent a mile) plus a $15 registration fee and $1 a day for food and extras, you can start out on June 26 from either Hostel No. 1 at Northfield, Massachusetts, or from California, cross the continent with occasional side-trackings for hikes, and come back through southern Canada two months later.

TOO MUCH MONEY: Budget Surplus of $9,650 Puzzles Wisconsin Township Elders

With all the rest of the country trying to make some semblance of balancing budgets, the people of Randall, Wisconsin, find themselves compelled to unbalance theirs.

Shocking truth is that there is a $9,650 surplus from tavern and cigarette licenses and utility-tax receipts. Badger State citizens must do some hefty puffing and imbibing, because the Randall Township villages have a population of only 900; there are 415 residents of Twin Lakes, seventy-five in Bassett and forty-seven in Wheatland.

Of course tired business men from Chicago, eighty-five miles southeast, help out. Altho the township is in a rich farming district with choice dairy-farms, principal income of steady residents is from the 3,500 summer-resort population. From roadside stands and taverns, the population makes enough in three months to tide it over the severe winters when Windy City tired business men find it more convenient to be tired in Michigan Boulevard apartments.

Jitters—This surplus business, resulting from statutory restrictions against spending, has Randall Township Chairman George Dean on the verge of nervous collapse. Dean owns the hardware and farm-implement store in Bassett. "It's an awful bother," he groaned. "I can't sleep nights."

At first he suggested reducing the property tax. But when 125 voters gathered in Twin Lakes Town-Hall, they discovered that there was no tax to cut. At that time, the surplus was $16,000.

By careful extravagance, the township elders managed to earmark $3,000 for fixing roads, $2,750 for schools and $600 for a new baseball-diamond. But that still leaves $9,650 unspent.

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Parade

"If you want to get an idea of the war, go to a Hollywood picture show, not the Spanish front," declared **James Abbe,** author-photographer, on his return from Madrid. "Despite the atrocities, war has little meaning when you are in the thick of it. Except for air battles, and they were so utterly fantastic that if they were made into a motion-picture they would be called an exaggeration—much of it escaped us. . . . When air-planes are heard approaching, the children run out into streets, and stay there until the shell-fire almost begins. As soon as the firing ceases, they rush outside to see what has happened." Abbe is in Hollywood visiting his children, Richard, Patience and Johnny Abbe, authors of "Around the World in Eleven Years."

* * *

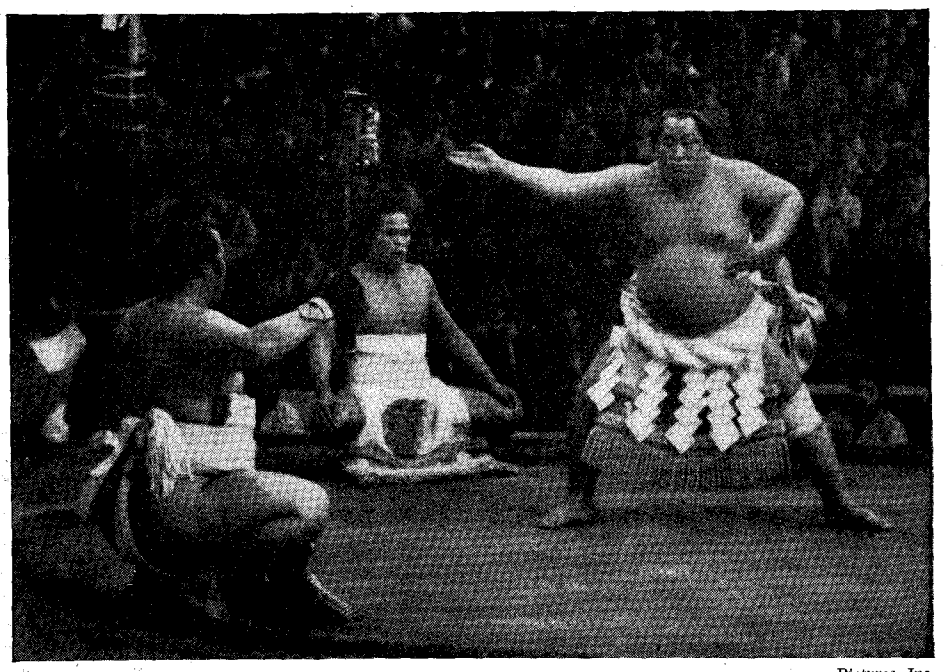
"It's exciting to have grown up with such a tremendous thing as the movies," stated **Mary Pickford** in London. "And the adventure's bigger to-day—but sometimes I think it's not so far-reaching. I was sorry when the talkies came, you know. . . . In the silent days we could speak to every one, and people all over the world got to be fond of us."

* * *

Perhaps fretful lest another midget be found in his lap, **J. P. Morgan,** financier, took exception to being photographed at the wedding of James Potter Polk to Margaret Smith Savage. Brandishing an umbrella, Morgan kept Irving Cantor, photographer, at a distance. Meanwhile, the little *contretemps* gave other cameramen a chance to catch Morgan in an angry mood.

* * *

Rosalind Russell may be one of the glamour-girls on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Columbia studio lots of Culver City and Hollywood, but she's still got to learn the ABC's of driving. Caught driving her car fifty miles an hour in a twenty-mile zone, she was fined $50 and ordered to attend traffic school for two months. At least, that's the Associated Press story and it is going to stick to it.



Pictures, Inc.

Pot-bellied wrestlers, the Clark Gables of Japan, consider their obesity an asset

Pictures, Inc.

"Don't take my picture, leave me alone," says J. P. Morgan, brandishing an umbrella

Rosalind Russell sentenced to school: her tuition a $50 fine, her lessons the ABC's of driving

America may have **Man Mountain Dean** and other hit-kick-push-and-squash wrestlers, but Japan has a few stars, too. In old Nippon an extra spare tire or two of flesh is not considered *de trop* with Oriental "rasslers" who can hiss, snort, sweat and roll with the best of them.

* * *

Three State Senators have proposed to return Arizona to the Indians. According to the memorial drafter of Senators **Dan Angius, James E. Babbitt** and **W. E. Patterson:** "Be it resolved that it is the sense of this Legislature that the aboriginal inhabitants of this great State, to wit, the American Indians, have more consideration for the rights of their fellow tribesmen than the so-called modern, progressive, political racketeers of to-day."

* * *

"When words fail us, music must continue to express our feelings," declared **Leopold Stokowski,** orchestra leader. "There is no emotion in our hearts too intense, too fantastic, too remote, too unconventional for music to express . . . music is best only when it entertains."

* * *

After three years, **Jimmy,** pint-sized parrot of Atlantic City, New Jersey, can now drink all day and night without showing any ill effects. When he first arrived at Maynard Cadmus' saloon, he used to get so intoxicated that he fell off the bar, flew into the big mirror behind, knocking glasses and bottles from the shelves. Jimmy often takes a nip from a customer's beer or cocktail with or without invitation. Jimmy is about fifteen years old, once toured the country with a magician.

* * *

Seldom does frustration hit the high peak reached by **Legislator Frank Iffrig** of Missouri, whose frog-protection measure was defeated. Most people love frogs for their legs, but Iffrig enjoys their croaking. "I like their music," he asserted jubilantly, when told that Irvin Brung was going to build three frog ponds next to his home at St. Charles. Iffrig is still annoyed, however, that his protective measure was defeated and that frogs in Missouri are enjoyed for their gustatory delights rather than their "tra-la-la's."

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ROYALIST RABBIT OUT OF FRANCO HAT

Alfonso's Aunt Tells How Ex-King Financed 20 Days of Revolt

Conservative estimate by British bankers sets the cost of Gen. Francisco Franco's revolt against the Spanish Government at $500,000 a day. How does he keep it going?

Long exiled from Spain for telling secrets of the Court, ex-King Alfonso's seventy-three-year-old chipper, chatterbox Aunt Eulalie (the Infanta Marie-Eulalie - Françoise d'Assise - Marguerite - Roberte-Isabelle-Françoise de Paule-Christine-Marie de la Piedad), last week told more tales out of school.

In straw hat and modish tweeds and appearing ten years younger than her age, she looked out across the gardens of her *de luxe pension* (in this case, a boarding-house for out-of-luck nobility) in the quiet Rue de l'Assumption in Paris and revealed that her nephew had paid (with money from the whole Royal Family) for just twenty days of the rebellion. Now, at the beginning of its tenth month, its cost (to the Insurgents) is at least $140,000,000.

"Two years ago, in July, 1934, Franco told Alfonso that he could take Madrid in a *coup d'état* lasting not more than two weeks," sparkled Eulalie.

"Convinced of his sincerity, we all gave till it hurt. I gave him all my belongings and all my property. We all pledged or sold our jewels; and when the struggle seemed a little long, we kept on giving. But we can give no more; and where are we? No one ever realized that the Government was so strong."

Insomnia—It was easy to realize why her memoirs, frankest royal autobiography ever published, had given Europe's crowned heads sleepless nights. In them, she had told of running away from home because she could not endure the boredom of her family; of how the ladies-in-waiting were ignorant, "could neither read nor write"; of how, at the Alcazar—

"It was difficult to get a bath of any sort, except a sponge-bath piecemeal. The ladies-in-waiting declared it was sinful to bathe. They argued that it was indelicate to take off all one's clothing at once."

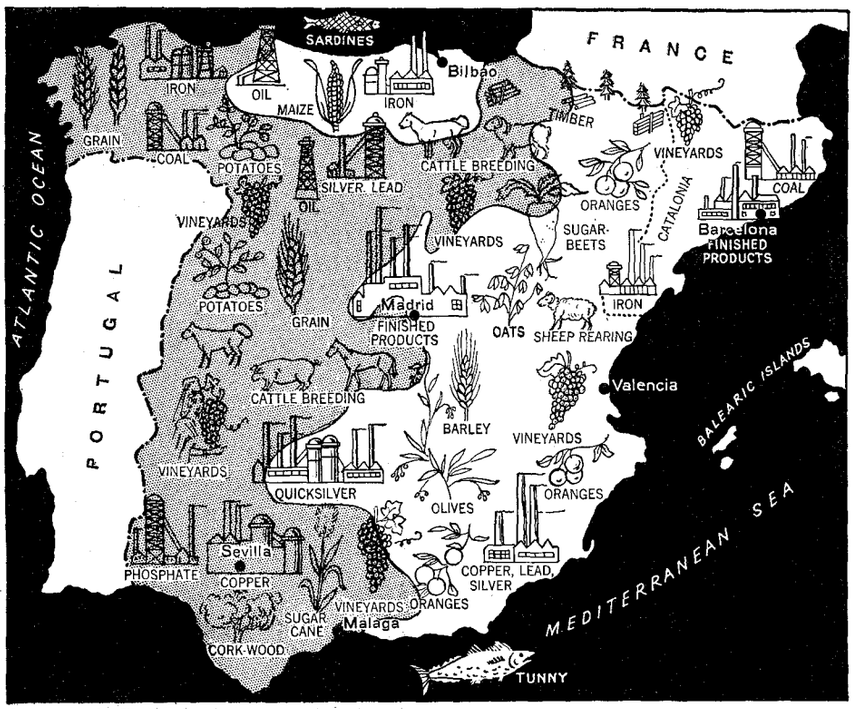
She had exposed to the world the trick by which her brother, Alfonso XII, was brought back to the Throne:

"It seems that the ladies of the court had bribed soldiers in the Army to cry "*Viva el Rey Alfonso.*" . . . General Campos immediately telegraphed Alfonso that the Army had proclaimed him King. My brother (Alfonso) admitted to me that he had received the telegram as an invitation to adventure; and, being fond of adventure, had accepted it."

She had told how, when her father, Ferdinand VII, was dying of paralysis, the Infanta Luisa Carlotta prepared a decree depriving Don Carlos of his right to the succession.

"Placing a pen in his (the dying King's) hand, she took hold of his fingers and began to sign his name to the decree. The Prime Minister . . . seeing what she was doing, put his hand over hers to stop her. She stopped long enough to strike him a blow on the head which dazed him. When he recovered himself, the decree had been signed and the King was dead."

Rebel—She had told, also, that the revolt of Cuba against Spain was due to the stupidity of the monarchy.



Courtesy London Daily Herald

Spain's resources are divided between the two opposing forces . . . shaded area is held by Insurgents, white area by the Government

With the same incredible *insouciance*, she chirped last week:

"Alfonso is as bewildered as any one. He is somewhere digging up more money for Franco. He's got to win." And finally:

"Franco is a nice, intelligent boy, an idealist who believes that he will win; but I wish an arbiter would be named as soon as possible. Then possibly a plebiscite could be held. . . ."

Had the *coup d'état* been as simple as Franco imagined it in 1934, the Royal Family's $10,000,000 would have been ample to cover the cost of two-weeks' fighting; and $3,000,000 would have remained for fireworks and *fiestas* to celebrate the triumphant return of the exiled King to his Palace, where, incidentally, Aunt Eulalie left $5,000,000 in jewels in a red-plush trunk which the Leftist Government is believed to have impounded.

For two weeks, and much longer, Franco looked like the winner he promised to be. He has proved that if a warrior can win the first battles and look as if he can win the rest, he can run a war a long time on a shoe-string.

Not only to the ex-King did Franco look like a winner; but, also, to far wealthier ex-peasant Juan March, son of Jewish Majorcan farmers.

Ship-Owner—March started his fortune by smuggling silk and tobacco to his native Balearic Isles. During the World War, he increased it by chartering his smuggling craft to ship-hungry belligerents. He sold them shoes at sky-is-the-limit prices. He cornered Spain's pigs and sold them pork. He even furnished spy services to any belligerent who would pay (they all would) several times what the spies were worth.

His War-fortune pocketed, March was ready for peace. He speculated in Balearic real estate, made 19,000,000 *pesetas* in three years playing the Spanish Sugar Trust, made more in chemicals and coal and peeled fat commissions from exclusive sales of Soviet oil to Spain, North Africa and Portugal.

Meanwhile, his old tobacco-smuggling business had ballooned until, when Gen. Primo de Rivera became dictator, he had to give the monopoly of the legitimate tobacco trade to March to get anything back in taxes.

Gamble — Now bald, bespectacled and hawk-nosed, March also played Franco to win and, at the end of the ninth month, is believed to have sunk at least $70,000,000 in the gamble.

Both ex-King and ex-peasant have been doing their recent worrying in Rome's Grand Hotel.

Last week, oppressed by his father's despondency, twenty-four-year-old Don Juan - Charles - Teresa - Silvere - Alfonso, youngest son and heir presumptive,* decided to set matters right himself.

A group of General Franco's younger officers, eager to break the run of misfortune which recently has beset the Insurgents, fell in with his plan, smuggled Don Juan across the Pyrenees into Insurgent territory; and made a mad motor-dash for Madrid.

There, they hoped, Don Juan would show his face and galvanize Franco's hard-pressed troops with irresistible courage. If that went well, Don Juan would

*His older brothers, Prince Alfonso (ill in New York as the Count of Covadonga) and Prince Jaime, in Rome with his father, renounced their claims to the throne in June, 1933.

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make a triumphal tour of all the Insurgent fronts.

But Military Police, curse in all wars of overenterprising young men, stopped the car, recognized the muffled figure slouched between two officers in the rear seat and reported them all to Gen. Emilio Mola, Commander of Insurgent forces in the North.

Grown dour during nine months of frustration, General Mola swore, ordered the Prince arrested, deported him, crestfallen, back to France.

Ledger—Meanwhile, the Insurgents were stewing over a depressing inventory:

From the Royal Family.....	$10,000,000
From Juan March.....	70,000,000
From sympathizers in the United States, England, South America	5,000,000

Eighty-five millions are far short of enough to pay nine-months' war bills (Franco once set the duration at forty-eight hours). But, cash gone, sources of credit remained—or did once.

In April, 1935, bankers in Frankfort, Germany (hungry for raw materials for armament), formed the Banking and Industrial Consortium to obtain Spanish ores by working slackly-managed Spanish mines with German labor. Into the consortium went Krupp, Rheinmetall, Siemens, Halske and the great German chemical trust, the I. G. Farbenindustrie.

Italy also was starved for raw materials. With the sanction of the Fascist Party (Benito Mussolini), the Confederation of Industrial Employers began negotiations with José-Maria Gil Robles,* youthful conservative, and, many then thought, Spain's coming strong man. They also negotiated with seventy-three-year-old Alejandro Lerroux, for forty years a champion of Republican Government, now exiled as a traitor by the Republic he helped create.

Both German and Italian schemes were left in ruins by the Leftist landslide of February, 1936; but between the elections and the outbreak of July 17, the ruins largely were restored.

Strategy—March and ex-King Alfonso did what they could in Rome. Primo de Rivera (son of the late Dictator) and Gen. José Sanjurjo, who was to have been Franco's President,** spent several weeks in Berlin with General Faupel, now Hitler's chief representative at Franco's headquarters.

In both Rome and Berlin, credit, based on promises of mining concessions after the victory, and such deliveries as could be made during hostilities, were arranged.

For tanks, planes, technicians, guns, Germany was to take copper-ore, iron-ore, quicksilver and manganese.

For tanks, planes, guns, Italy was to accept minerals and also was to receive agricultural products.

Munitions, on credit, thus were assured.

At least $11,600,000 has come into Franco's possession through normal sales of Canary Island oranges and sherry to England. In the six months from August to February, England took both to the tune of £2,320,000.

Levy—To obtain this British cash, and other foreign exchange, General Franco decreed in March that all foreign money held by Spaniards in his territory must be turned in to his Government, the owners receiving forty-two Insurgent *pesetas* (at about half the market value) for each pound sterling.

This brought General Franco's cash account up to somewhat more than $96,000,000.

Daily bills inside Spain he has been able to pay in Insurgent paper *pesetas*, fiat money, which his soldiers and Spanish merchants can not refuse.

Meanwhile, with the war going badly for the last month, with expenses increasing, credit diminishing, Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy are showing signs of being unwilling to risk much more on Franco's colors.

As the war stood last week, General Franco held seventeen Provinces and their Capitals, about 61,700 square miles of land, approximately 6,707,000 of the population of 24,500,000.

Provinces under his control were Avila, Cadiz, Caceres, Coruña, Huelva, Logrono, Lugo, Navarre, Orense, Pontevedra, Salamanca, Segovia, Sevilla, Soria, Valladolid, Zamora and the Canary Islands.

The Government held fifteen Provinces, about 57,173 square miles of land and approximately 7,534,000 persons. Government's Provinces were Albacete, Alicante, Almeria, Barcelona, Castellon, Ciudad Real, Cuenca, Gerona, Jaen, Lerida, Murcia, Santander, Tarragona, Valencia and Vizcaya.

About 77,825 square miles of land and 11,269,000 of the population are disputed, with the remainder swinging slowly toward the Government.

Assets—At the beginning of the war, Franco had 90 per cent. of the trained officers, two-thirds of the Regular Army and nearly all of the military equipment in the country.

The Government had the inferior 10 per cent. of the trained officers, a third of the Regular Army and almost no war material except rickety air-planes and part of the rickety fleet, the air-force manned by aviation officers of doubtful loyalty and the fleet officered mainly by untrained seamen who had put their officers in irons, or to death.

But the Government, short of men and munitions, had cash. Of the $750,000,000 gold reserve of the Bank of Spain, not a *peseta* fell into Insurgent hands.

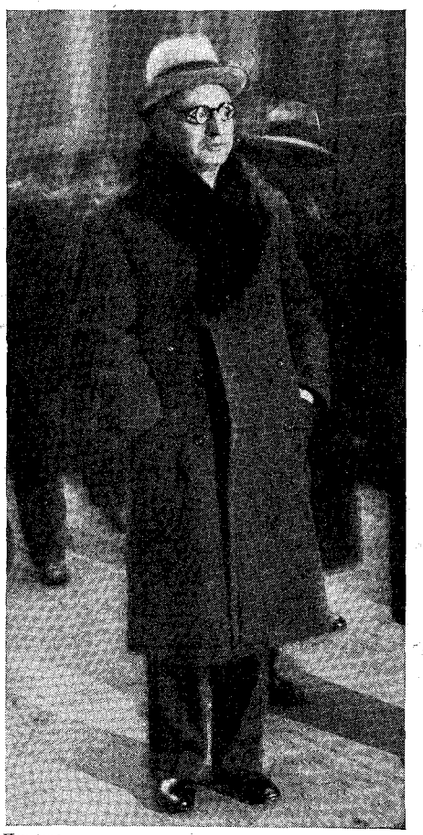
Most of it was transferred to Valencia when the Government left Madrid. Part of it already had been deposited in the Bank of France in Paris. Some, Insurgent sources insist, was sent to Russia.

Moreover, government territory included the best industrial and agricultural Provinces of the country and ports from which in normal times were shipped 80 per cent. of the nation's exports.

Gains—In the nine months of war, the undisciplined, untrained volunteer militia, at first choosing its own fronts, selecting its own officers, giving itself its own orders, has become a fairly seasoned and disciplined army, has recently proved itself capable of taking the offensive.

Last week, Luis Araquistan, Loyalist Ambassador to Paris, bewailed the fact that the Government now has more men than it needs.

"We have 400,000 men ready now—too many," he said. "Half the lot could be sent home. Our war industries are now self-sufficient. We would welcome the departure of all foreigners from both sides of the war."



Keystone

Juan March . . . $70,000,000 of his vast fortune was spent on Franco's war

*In 1935 War Minister; in 1936, almost dictator, now Franco's purchasing-agent and general representative in Portugal.

**Sanjurjo was killed when his plane crashed in Portugal, three days after the revolt began.

ALLAH'S GARDEN: Trouble for France in Moslem Desert Paradise, Always Sullen Algeria

Tho more heavily veneered with French culture than almost any of France's ramified possessions, Algeria's 6,000,000 Moslems—Arabs, Berbers, Senegalese, Negroes and Turks—still dream of complete independence under native rulers.

During more than a century, France's rule over Algeria has been a steady concession of rights to make the natives proud of French citizenship. To achieve this goal, Paris has left the status of the country somewhat ambiguous—a compromise between out-and-out annexation and self-government—improved its ancient, minaret-dotted cities with up-to-date, busy residential quarters, wide streets, imposing government structures and airy schoolhouses. Art-loving administrators, however, carefully refrained from tampering with the picturesque native background, and respected the Koranic laws.

French business men, meanwhile, have developed the country's resources, aided the revival of native industries, exploited numerous mines and enriched agriculture with the latest scientific methods.

Trade—Algerian merchants, tradesmen and farmers prospered, for they found a ready market for their products in France and bought French manufactured goods in increasing quantities as their standard of living soared.

But as native industries grew apace,

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French producers began to complain that cheaper labor made it impossible for them to compete with Algerian products. Worried over the unforeseen issue, Paris found it necessary to place mild quota restrictions on Algerian exports competing with French products in home markets. Unwittingly, they dealt Algerian enterprise a heavy blow, aggravated the depression there and created wide-spread discontent.

Being solidly Moslem and Arabic-speaking, with the exception of about 1,000,000 Frenchmen, Italians and Jews (all classified as Frenchmen), Algerians quickly linked their dissatisfaction with that of their fellow Arabs in neighboring French possessions—Morocco and Tunis. Last year's initial success of the Pan-Arab movement in the Near East only served to whet their demands, for they enviously read of their Egyptian brethren's freedom from English shackles and Syrians' successful struggle in obtaining independence from French overlords.

Crescent—When Arabs flared up against Zionist colonization in Palestine, Algerian agitators made hay in the name of Islam and Pan-Arabism. They fomented hatred and bloody violence against their numerous Jewish fellow Algerians, encouraged unionization of workmen, hailed Fascist and Nazi propagandists and movies and urged rebellion against France. The mosques buzzed with anti-Jewish, antiimperialist rumors, tho the law forbade any but licensed preachers from haranguing in places of worship. Communists and Nazis vied with one another in rousing Algerians against the French yoke.

Disconcerted, Paris used compromise suasion in allaying Algerian discontent, promised greater concessions and trade advantages. In vain, for the poverty-stricken masses, failing to find more work, attacked the Jewish quarters, flocked to trade-unions and staged wide-spread strikes to denounce French administration.

Last week, Raoul Aubaud, France's Under Secretary of State for the Interior, voiced the state of alarm in Algeria when he said:

"The question is whether we desire to keep Algeria. If we want to maintain our prestige, we must pursue a policy of authority. There is too much propaganda here against France. Severe measures would be indispensable to halt the action of all sorts of agitators."

History—Algerian patriots, however, take issue with French statesmen, who attribute their struggle for independence to foreign agitators. They point out that their stanch landsmen have fought during more than 2,000 years to free themselves from Carthaginian, Roman, Arab, Turkish, now French, rule. Their fearless Kabyles (upland farmers) and northern warriors during the middle ages terrorized foreign vessels that hovered about their legend-famed Barbary Coast, took them captives and only submitted to their own rulers.

France invaded their country in 1830, because the native ruler had struck the protesting French representative with a fly-swatter. Indignant Algerians rallied around their *marabout* (holy man), Abd-el-Kader, and harried the encroaching French armies. For more than two decades, Frenchmen were kept busy subduing rampant revolts until they established a Governor-Generalship and started a grandiose civic program to embellish and modernize Algeria's historic cities—

Wide World

Algerian Popular Frontists look to France for greater equality that conservatives fear to give

Alger, Constantine, Oran, Tlemsen, Bona, Philippeville. Carefully they preserved and encouraged native art and culture, extended primary and secondary schools to natives, spent millions of francs on sanitation measures.

Despite the boon of French culture, Algerians flocked to the standard of the Emir Khalid al-Jazairi who, in 1919, founded the Fraternity to enlist Nationalistic support. Their leader exiled, Nationalists made the Jama al-Kebir of Alger the headquarters under the guidance of the *ulema* (religious heads). In the guise of teaching a revival of primitive Islam *(al-da'wah al-islahiyyah)*, a society of Algerian *ulemas* (jurists) *(Jamiyyat al-Ulema al-Jazairiyyin)* was formed. The Governor-General disliked the idea and forbade all but licensed official preachers, restricted the establishment of free native *madrasahs* (schools) and curbed the freedom of the press.

Joiners—To remedy the ill effects, Ibn Jalloul, a Deputy from Constantine, formed an organization which he called Union of Deputies *(wahdat al-Nawwab)*, to safeguard native rights under French rule.

Athwart the wide range of Nationalist schools, four sections of political thought are easily discernible. While heads of the *Sufi* (mystic) confraternities and government employees prefer the continuance of present French rule, Deputies who shun Doctor Jalloul's Party favor the extension of lay education to replace Moslem religious instruction and, further, advocate naturalization in the great family of Frenchmen. Doctor Jalloul's Party differs from them only in that, while welcoming naturalization, he insists on maintaining the present Moslem code and the system whereby Algeria is represented in the French Parliament by three Deputies and Senators.

For twenty years, Algerian extreme Nationalists have been represented at their Paris headquarters by Hadji al-Masali et-Tilimsani, head of *l'Etoile Nord-Africaine*. With militant branches in Alger, Constantine, Tlemsen and Oran, the Party's adherents embrace most of the educated youth, the cultured *ulemas* and the better strata of workers. It preaches that Algeria must remain Moslem, fight for its intrinsic rights, resist naturalization or assimilation, fight off attempts at complete annexation and steer national policies in harmony and cooperation with the Moroccan National Action Committee *(kutlat al-'amal al-watani al-maghribi)*.

Demands—When the Popular Front Cabinet came into power in Paris ten months ago, al-Masali headed a delegation which interviewed Premier Leon Blum and submitted his Party's demands—amnesty to all political prisoners, abolition of the native code, freedom of the press and assembly, universal suffrage, representative assembly, abolition of subsidies to Catholic and Protestant cults, compulsory study of Arabic and suppression of the régime of "military terrorism" in Southern Algeria.

Tho Blum has found his hands too full to consider Algerian demands, Algerian nationalists pin high hopes on his Popular Front Government to relieve their present economic problems and grant them greater equality, which conservative Frenchmen oppose for fear Moslems might crush the French minority there.

Insoluble economic problem: 5,632,000 Moslems won't, 1,000,000 non-Moslems can't, absorb the wine crop, now more than a third that of France.

SPICY GOULASH: Hungary's Serf-Like Peasantry Clamor for Change, Flock to Fascist Flag

Nicholas Horthy de Nagybánya, Admiral without a Navy and Regent without a King, rides along the broad quays of Budapest in a luxurious 200-horsepower limousine, gift of Chancellor Adolf Hitler. *Der Fuehrer's* other investments along the Danube are not so visible.

But their returns are. Tibor Eckhardt, Agrarian leader and noted duelist, constantly ferrets them out. Last week, he again warned of the danger of a fascist

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revolution. "There are thirty-nine newspapers and other publications in the country that shower abuse on Hungary and the Hungarians and stir up disorder. Whence comes the money? Part of this country's printed matter comes from abroad. We do not concern ourselves with what is happening in Germany; let her leave us alone to manage our internal affairs."

Spoors—He uncovered evidence of Nazi cells within the Hungarian Army. "I do not know myself," he said, "how long the way of evolution will remain open and the way of revolution will not be taken. If these military formations continue, we will form our own and do the dictation ourselves. Let nobody imagine we can, sheeplike, be led to the slaughter."

The Hungarian fascist leader, Count Alexander Festetics, comes of an old family which once owned the largest estates in Hungary. Tho still dapper, and reeking of *eau de Cologne* after the manner of Magyar aristocrats, he is nearly impoverished from post-War taxes and his gigantic fascist contributions. His group, known as the Arrow Cross because of its symbol, wears green shirts and sings a bawdy ballad about a Left-Wing woman's red flannels:

Mrs. Reisinger's bags
Are the Marxists' flags.

At first, the Count called himself a Gandhi and advocated passive resistance. Recently, however, he changed his act and prepared to step in as an understudy for the Spanish Insurgent leader. "People say the Arrow-Cross movement is a branch of Hitlerism," he proclaimed. "We are not ashamed of importing foreign movements if they are good. After all, Christianity was imported from Palestine. . . . One day I will draw the sword as General Franco did."

Fizzle—He tried to last month, rumor insists, but failed. Eckhardt informed Premier Kálmán de Darányi that the Arrow Cross, rolling in German money, was stirring up anti-Semitic riots. The Government, investigating this charge, stumbled across plans for a Nazi *putsch*. Too many people knew the secret, it was said. At any rate, fifty Rightist Army officers landed in prison.

The German Ambassador, Dr. Hans-Georg von Mackensen, and Baron von Hahn, head of a propaganda office in the Legation, immediately left for a holiday. The Baron, who organized Austria's Nazi revolt a few years ago, had flooded the country with pamphlets printed in the Reich and by well-placed advertising won even government newspapers to a pro-Nazi policy.

The Premier denied that any foreign Power was implicated in the plot and glossed over the whole question so vaguely as to enrage the Opposition. *Pester Lloyd*, German language pro-Government sheet, felt he had gone too far in denying everything. "We do not admit a *putsch* was in preparation, but if there had been or ever should be one, the Government could take care of it."

Hungary, stripped of two-thirds of her territory and three-fifths of her inhabitants by the Treaty of Trianon, remains a hotbed of discontent. In Budapest, one out of every four persons is Jewish, and Jews own 25 per cent. of the land in a country notorious for the serf-like condition of its peasantry, so that anti-Semitic propaganda falls in a thirsty field. As citizens of the only State in Europe which does not enjoy a secret ballot, peasants have no hope of reform at the polls. Poverty is widespread: Eckhardt charges that out of a population of 8,688,000 there are 3,000,000 beggars.

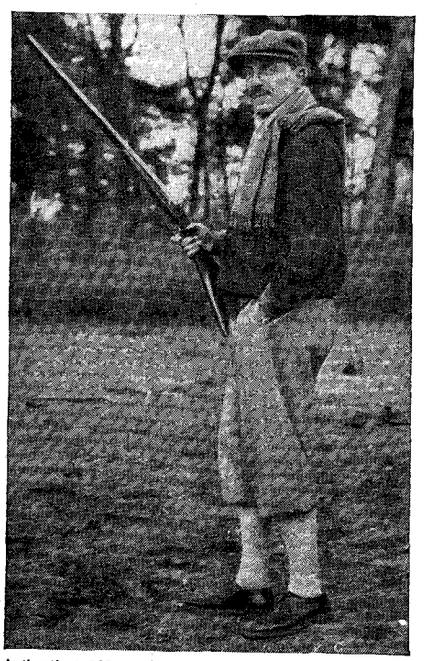
The discontented heard Hungary's fascist leaders proclaim their alliance with Hitlerism and knew they made frequent visits to their heroes in Berlin. Moreover, minor government officials and police crowded to Hitlerite meetings. Sensing government protection, poor farmers flocked to join the movement along with Army officers.

Soil—For the peasants, the situation seems hopeless without revolution. "The nobility and church resist land reform tooth and nail," says *The Central European Observer*, "and they oppose radical colonization. Social welfare and a human wage are not even spoken of. . . . The right of assembly and of forming societies does not exist. The people are absolutely without the possibility of organizing and sending their representatives to Parliament.

"The feudal Upper House, the Church and the representatives of the public offices stand over Parliament and block the road to reform.

"In these circumstances, nothing remains for the people except despair and they fling themselves into a maze of religious sects—and this is soil created for revolutionary attempts. There is no other way out."

The Germans, according to a Vienna newspaper, have supplied most of the $2,000,000 which the Arrow Cross has recently handed out. Herr Hitler, in renewing his efforts in Hungary, is really striking at Austria. For Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg edges daily nearer the restoration of young Archduke Otto von Hapsburg to the Throne, thus threatening a death-blow to Hitler's dream of *Anschluss*. To cover this loss, *Der Fuehrer* is investing generously in his Hungarian friends.



Authenticated News Photo

Count Festetics, Hungary's Fascist leader . . . "One day I will draw the sword as Franco did"

CURSE LIFTED: Age-Old Fairy-Tale of Prince and Goose-Girl Lives Again

These days Yugoslav peasants are retelling the fairy-tale of the Prince and the goose-girl whose thwarted romance cast a curse over the rich Rogaticha Valley near historic Serajevo.

Once upon a time—the legend is at least 600 years old—a Prince of Bosnia rode through those wooded hills and fell in love with a peasant girl.

Tho the noblest ladies in the countryside longed to marry him, he demanded her field-worn hand. The Prince was Moslem, his love Catholic, and the difference in their stations erected another barrier to their wedding.

Her father refused the royal suitor and tried to interest the girl in the son of a neighboring farmer. In vain. So he locked her up in his whitewashed, thatch-roofed cottage. The Prince, vowing vengeance, bought up the surrounding land and dammed the stream which watered the peasant's fields. But the ruined father, still adamant, laid a solemn curse on the spring, then killed his love-lorn daughter and himself.

Living Curse—Through the years, the water gradually worked its way above ground, but the memory of the father's curse lived on through the years.

When the stream dried up, as it often did, peasants crossed themselves at a portent of disaster.

Even in the year of grace 1937. Till a short time ago, when a twentieth century Prince—a millionaire in that country where a million *dinars* equal only $23,300—saw a beautiful goose-girl standing guard over her birds and a few sheep. Like his fairy-tale predecessor, he wanted to marry her. Again the peasant father objected.

Nine Pavlovitch wept. Paul Laszlo, Hungarian-born landowner, stormed and pleaded.

Luckily for the lovers, marriage in the Yugoslav countryside concerns the whole village, and the old men, fearful that the ancient curse might again wither their valley, added their warnings to the millionaire's pleas.

Finally, Pavlovitch gave in.

Dot, Too—Contrary to local custom, there was not even good-natured haggling over the girl's dowry. The smitten millionaire would not have insisted on any, but Pavlovitch and his wife proudly aired the linen collected for their daughter from childhood, chose her a plump pig, a sheep or two, and a few clucking chickens from their poor barnyard.

Laszlo provided the wedding-feast for the whole village, with roasted oxen and *chavapchichi*—lamb broiled on a spit. He also supplied the drinks, barrels of Dalmatian wine and gourds and skins bulging with *rakija*, a burning, intoxicating white prune *liqueur* which fired the guests to sing ballads and call toasts and dash their earthen cups against the hard floor.

To ward off the old curse, the village elders obliged the couple to wade in the historic spring at daybreak. Laszlo, less superstitious than the natives, also hired workmen to toil during the night, clearing

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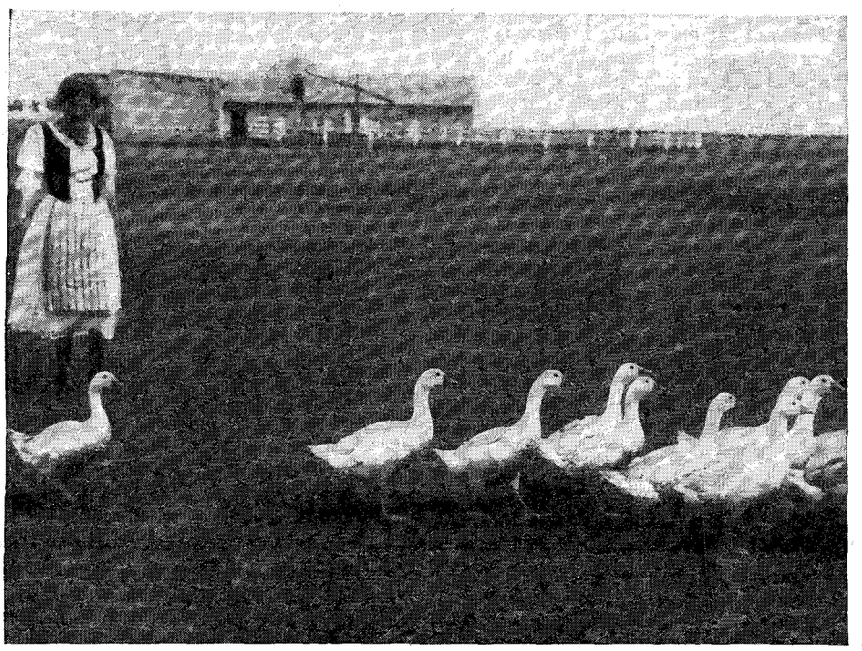

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Yugoslav peasants believe that the curse cast on the Rogaticha Valley by a thwarted romance of a fairy-tale goose-girl was lifted by the romance of a modern goose-girl

away the earth and stones which blocked the stream.

To-day, it flows with a freedom the natives consider miraculous and the entire countryside rejoices that at last they can live happily ever after.

BUNDLING CANNIBALS:

In New Guinea, Head-Hunting Natives "Chin" in Petting-Parties

"The Purari tribe's petting-parties are peculiar."

Not so peculiar any longer to thirty-two-year-old Dr. Reo Fortune, now anthropologist at Ling Nan University, Canton, China, are these little-known cannibals in the interior of New Guinea,* island north of Australia close to the equator. He lived among them about two years.

"Two or three girls run a party," he explains, "in the hut of a younger married couple of their own village to which the young unmarried girls are allowed to invite a boy each. The boys must belong to other villages. For the purpose, they usually select a hut on the outskirts near the gardens and away from the village. The younger married couple stays awake all night and acts as chaperones. For the Purari on the whole are strict and Puritan (tho Puritans had their bundling, too).

"The boy has to sit still with his arms folded across his chest while the girl who invited him sits at some distance opposite him. At intervals she approaches him, puts her chin on his chin and rubs it round his cheek-bones. They do not talk, being shy, altho the chaperones, being older and married, usually talk to each other all night. The youngsters 'chin' all night, and sweethearts, after a few petting-parties, become deeply enamored."

High on the plateau of New Guinea, one of the last regions of the globe to be explored, Doctor Fortune found the Purari tribes several years ago, saw enough to kindle a desire to make them the subject of a social study. Commissioned by the anthopological division of Columbia University, New York City, the youthful scientist last week submitted his report to the Council for Research in the Social Sciences at Columbia.

It was not until 1927, when Australian adventurers pushed upward into central New Guinea, discovered gold, started an epidemic of prospecting romantically abetted by the use of air-planes, that the district was known to the rest of the world. Now, the Purari people are "accessible by air from Salamaua or Lae on the Mandated Territory coast to Ramu, Finintigu or Benabena 'drones, in not long over an hour."

However, it took fair-haired, quick-spoken Doctor Fortune, who hails originally from New Zealand, to move in on the Purari, gain their friendship, learn their language. But when he landed in their midst he was not received as a returned ghost of the Purari dead amid scenes of riotous emotion and enthusiasm, as occurred in 1932 and 1933, when the first roving patrols of native police and whites went through the district.

Doctor Fortune found the brown-skinned, fuzzy-headed Purari friendly, cooperative, ever-ready to explain social customs and institutions. Patrilineal is their social organization, tho in matters of courtship women take the aggressive and in other tribal relations assume important places.

Patriarch—Yet a husband has the power of life and death over his wife. "If a woman accidentally comes across and witnesses a men's party engaged with the sacred flutes or the bull-roarers, which are sacred to initiated men, her killing is ordered and her husband is invariably selected as the executioner."

In order to obtain a divorce, it is only necessary for a man to say, "I cast thee out, go!"

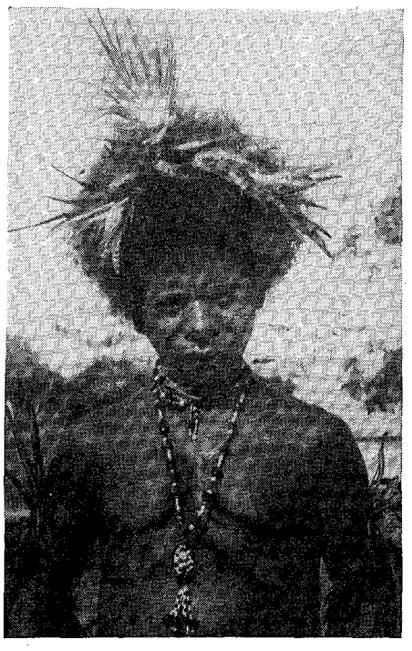
Doctor Fortune relates that no independent housing facilities are provided for a woman in her own *nofi* (clan). But after marriage she is supplied with a private hut.

Her husband sleeps and lives most of the time in a large "club-house," with all the village males. Purari tribes are exogamous; "all marriages, with rare exceptions, are arranged between villages, as marriage within the same village is held to be incestuous."

In war-time—and the Purari are extremely warlike, about 50 per cent. dying violently, riddled with arrows—"women of the tribes are truly non-combatants. They go back and forth between the battle-lines and are afforded complete protection. Injury of a woman by a warrior would be comparable to the bombing of a hospital unit in our own warfare. . . .

"Peace overtures are initiated and carried through by the women. But once the two groups have made peace with each other, that act merely serves as the signal for another war.

"To cement their peace, or seal the pact, they unite forces and open an attack on a third group."



New Guinea's Pururis: warlike and cannibalistic, but they follow a strict moral code

In addition to love of fighting, chief cause for war is magic—black magic. No man can die a natural death without tribesmen believing that sorcerers of another village have been at work.

Highly superstitious, all officers of the village commune (the political unit) are men with supposedly supernatural powers. The war leader is of a type called *avbotigagentahihi*. The yam-gardening magician is called *emushagentahihi*. In addition, there is the "pig-purchasing" sorcerer, as well as "the village butcher of the corpses of the slain that are reserved for cannibalism," and others. All are public servants, their magic production under the control of the men's council of their village. Observes Doctor Fortune:

"This Purari village, for all that it is only a circle of rude huts in the midst of tall, surrounding cover, is the sovereign

*Largest island of the Malay Archipelago, equal in area to Texas and Mississippi. The German part of New Guinea was occupied by Australian troops in September, 1914. In 1935 the non-indigenous (white) population was only 5,688; total population 478,686.

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State, as terrible in its demands upon individuals of its number as any more politically developed State."

However, it always is the courteous habit among the Purari, when the decision has been made to indulge in cannibalism, to seek permission to eat the corpse from the next of kin.

"The butchering, cooking and feasting in cannibalism is practically always done under cover of darkness. If the butcher works in daylight, he must, by custom, cut off one of his own fingers at the first or second joint, in penalty.

"Cannibalism occurs before the hot blood of war has cooled, but rarely, if ever, by daylight. In many cases, the corpses of the slain are recovered by their own communes and buried with military honors, not eaten."

"NIKKI" NICKED: Rumanian Prince's Marriage to a Commoner Lands Him in Dog-House

It is spring in Europe, too.

In Warsaw, newspapers reported last week that Adolf Hitler had dispatched secret investigators to Poland to check on the "Aryan" ancestry of Pola Negri, ex-Hollywood film star who recently worked in the German version of "Madame Bovary." London tales of the Dictator's supposed infatuation reputedly caused him to burst into tears, shrieking: "The slanderers!"

In Austria, the Duke of Windsor, who even in December renounced his Throne for love, anxiously served the last few weeks of the long wait which will leave him free to marry the twice-divorced Mrs. Wallis Simpson.

Paris thrived on the trial of Mlle. Magda de Fontange, whose passion for Benito Mussolini inspired her to wound Count Charles de Chambrun, ex-Ambassador at Rome, whom she held responsible for *Il Duce's* later coldness.

Romance—But it was in Rumania that a Prince's love assumed the greatest political importance. In 1931, Prince Nicholas married a commoner, Mme. Jana Lucia Daletj. He had met the good-looking, blue-eyed brunette five years before, while she still was wife of Radu Saveanu. When the rising Rumanian diplomat threatened to shoot the Prince if he caught him in his home again, Nicholas persuaded her to get a divorce. An obscure village magistrate then married the couple. King Carol had his brother's wedding annulled.

His own hands, of course, were none too clean. He had married Zizi Lambrinu, given her up for Princess Helen of Greece and then begun the liaison with red-haired Magda Lupescu which led to his ultimate divorce from the Princess.

"Nikki," auto-racer and aviation enthusiast, lived abroad with his wife for a year or two, but eventually became reconciled with his brother. Meanwhile, he called his wife Princess and tried to wangle Royal recognition for her and their little son, Peter.

Fiat—Suddenly, two weeks ago, he got orders from King Carol and the Government headed by Premier George Tatarescu to give up his wife. The Prince sent his brother a scorching answer: "Following our conversation yesterday and your demand that I should within twenty-four hours inform you of my intentions regarding the reestablishment of my marriage, annulled in 1931, I declare to you that, having in mind the advice given me and the difficulties the country has had to face since 1931, I quite realize that my application for the reestablishment of my marriage should be made at a moment that would damage neither the Dynasty's prestige nor the State's interests, wherefore I postponed a final decision.

"But as Your Majesty has categorically demanded a decision from me, now I declare I am not prepared either to violate the code of honor, which demands respect for a pledged word, or to act against my own feelings in the matter. I therefore inform Your Majesty that I am determined to reestablish my dissolved marriage."

To the Crown Council he wrote more bitterly: "I can not renounce the woman with whom I have lived happily so many years, who is the mother of my son, now two years old, and toward whom I want to act as a cavalier."

Ouster—The Council, unmoved, stripped him of his title and fired him from his jobs as Chief of the Air-Force, Inspector-General of the Army and Admiral of the Fleet. Then the King placed him under arrest at his castle outside Bucharest and ordered him to leave the country.

Nicholas, less amenable than former King Edward of Britain, refused.

His "martyrdom" gave the Fascist Iron Guard a badly needed excuse to embarrass the King. Some of Gen. George Cantacuzeno's cohorts tried to console the Prince, but *gendarmes* turned them back at the gates.

The General leaped to his defense. "Every good Rumanian," he stormed, "is seriously concerned over the course of events in our country to-day. Grave damage has been done to the Crown by the insolent ultimatum in a matter of honor delivered by the Premier. . . . This demonstration that we are making to-day is not the end but the beginning of a battle that will be only the more terrible if Prince Nicholas is expelled from the land he loves so dearly. We will never drop the battle now joined so long as one remains to continue it. We know we are fighting in the sacred cause of justice. . . . Nicholas married a Rumanian Christian (King Carol's friend is Jewish) and is not living with a Lupescu who interferes in State affairs."

Referendum—Local elections next day became a Bucharest referendum, King and Premier *vs.* Prince and Iron Guard, with all the King's police at the polls glowering.

Not unexpectedly, Carol's men won by thirty aldermanic seats to six.

Reenforced politically, but fearing a *putsch*, the Premier kept his Cabinet up all night, threatened "for every Iron Guard outrage . . . ten acts of retribution," scared the Guard indoors, whereupon Nicholas begged the Premier "to stamp out rumors" that he had ever associated with them. He packed his trunks to leave Rumania forever (Carol left forever—twice) as Mr. Nicholas Brana and family.

FOREIGN FLASHES

Sudan—To spread health and agricultural advice through the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, the chief hut of every village soon will have a "magic box that talks wisdom"—radio to the initiate. Tribesmen need not touch it, for government-supplied sets will be equipped with switches to turn them on for each broadcast.

* * *

Berlin—In the totalitarian State, even the length of kite-strings is covered by decree. To protect air-planes from string and wire, any child desiring to float his toy more than 300 feet in the air first must obtain a permit from Col.-Gen. Hermann Wilhelm Goering, Air Minister.

* * *

Nanking—Adopting the propaganda methods of European dictatorships, the Chinese Central Government requires all theaters in parts of China under its control to precede and follow each performance by showing the national and Kuomintang Party colors, portraits of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, founder of the Republic; President Lin Sen and, of course, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

Pictures, Inc.

Prince Nicholas stands by his commoner wife, tho stripped of his title, fired from his jobs and ordered from his country

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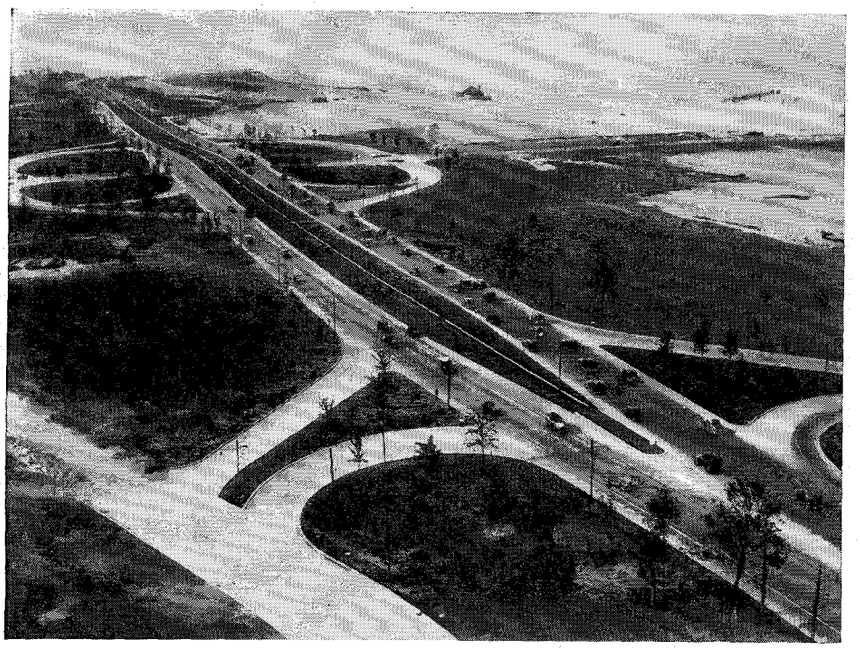
NO PLACE LIKE HOME FOR ACCIDENTS

"It's Intelligent to Be Safe" Whether in Motor-Car or Bathtub



Masterpieces of highway engineering like Chicago's Outer Drive keep opposing traffic separated, provide adequate approaches and promote safety

Accident prevention for the Neanderthal man largely was a matter of avoiding saber-toothed tigers. Since then, danger-dodging has become complex: Take the case of the science-conscious Los Angeles stenographer who had heard about dry ice. One blistering summer day she spread pieces of the substance on the seat of her office-chair, covered them with a newspaper to protect her clothing, speedily learned the empirical lesson that solidified carbon dioxid at 110 degrees below zero has the thermal touchiness of a red-hot coal. Her personal injury claim was presented to one of the large insurance companies.

Last week, 7,500 earnest delegates to the convention of the Greater New York Safety Council milled about the corridors of the Hotel Astor, listened to 125 addresses, studied eighty-odd safety exhibits by manufacturers and went out to spread the new gospel evolved by a nimble sloganeer:

"It's Intelligent to Be Safe."

There was, in all conscience, a crying need for safety proselytizing. Delegates took a gloomy look at the 1936 record, shook their heads at a total of 110,000 fatal accidents for the year, a 10 per cent. increase over 1935. For the first time the home emerged as a more lethal institution than the automobile. Last year, 39,000 people were killed accidentally while "safe at home," an increase of 7,500 over the 1935 record. Motor-vehicles killed 37,500 in the same period.

Typical—Two types of home accidents predominate: burns and falls. The kitchen is the most dangerous place in the house; there, 56 per cent. of fatal burns originate. The bedroom is the preferred site for falls, accounting for 39 per cent. of them, with the living-room a close second.

Age-groups largely determine the nature of fatal home accidents. Falls kill 74 per cent. of victims over sixty-five, only 7 per cent. of youngsters under four. But burns kill 35 per cent. of these youngsters, only 7 per cent. of those over sixty-five. Grandpa can toy with matches and the youngster can play leap-frog with impunity, but the formula is not reversible.

Disability effects of accidents were even more dismaying than the fatality record: 170,000 permanently disabled, 5,500,000 temporarily laid up.

This means that one out of each two dozen Americans was incapacitated by accident in 1936.

Accidents last year cost an estimated $730,000,000, a whopping sum which struck savagely at the sensitive pocket-book nerve and gave earnest stimulus to last week's safety convention. Most of the delegates were from business firms or manufacturing concerns with a dollars-and-cents interest in reducing industrial accidents.

The safety movement has passed through its first-aid stage, still is partly in a mass-control period of applying engineering and police measures, but is maturing into a preventive stage analogous to preventive medicine. Its boundaries largely are unexplored. There are no statistics, for instance, on the number of motorists with aerophobia who might be expected to veer sharply from a deep ditch, weave across the center of the road and run into an accident.

Nor do driving-license tests take account of physical conditions which might reasonably be expected to result in sudden unconsciousness at the driver's wheel. Accidents snivel and scuttle for cover, according to the new safety gospel, when met more than half-way with a preventive chip on the shoulder.

Industry has a good safety record because accidents usually result from carelessness and employees are taught to be alert. It is far safer to live in a hotel than in the family home and a young mother out on a shopping-spree would do better to park her baby in a passenger elevator than to leave it with a nurse.

Last year, thirty-two elevators in the Chrysler Building traveled 250,000 miles, carried 14,000,000 passengers, completed 40,000,000 door operations. with only eighteen injuries—mostly of people who changed their minds suddenly and walked into closing doors.

Moral—The housewife can take a safety lesson from Dr. H. W. Gourlie, former Waldorf-Astoria house-physician, who, in a year and a half, treated 2,500 hotel employees for surgical cases, defined as any wound in which the skin was broken to admit infection. Not a single infection followed his simple treatment: Prompt scrubbing with soap and water, application of a sterile dressing. He warns against a victim's sucking his wound to draw blood, asserting that the human bite is without an equal for general virulence, poisonousness and destructiveness.

Popular with visitors to the convention were the several gadgets in which an analysis of driving abilities could be made. There were machines to measure reaction-time, to test for tunnel-vision, to measure judgment of distance. The self-conscious and self-confident took enough mass tests to arrive at a few scientific conclusions: Blondes are slower than brunettes in reaction-time, slow to stop for red lights, but less likely to argue with a traffic-cop. Men emerge from the driving-tests with a slight edge on the women.

Roads—Highways came in for a good deal of discussion for safety features. A 60,000-mile system of superhighways connecting population centers was predicted by Frank T. Sheets, former Chief Highway Engineer of Illinois. These would have from four to eight traffic-lanes, traffic going in opposite directions would be separated, all grade-crossings eliminated and a 100-mile speed permitted. He also predicted 3,000,000 miles of improved roads, 600,000 miles of farm-to-market highways, all of which he figures could be provided in thirty-seven years by funds yielded by present motor-taxes.

Peril—Drunken dodging is a hazardous sport engaged in by inebriated pedestrians until death does them part. Safety experts call it walking into trouble, consider it as serious an offense as drunken driving. Tipplers weaving along country roads after dark most often are victims of hit-and-run drivers, altho such accidents do occur in cities. Sometimes the victim staggers straight into a moving car. In Massachusetts, they are taking a step toward saving the drunken pedestrian from his own incaution. There, they have erected 400 miles of sidewalks paralleling rural highways, plan another 100 miles of them this year. Best preventive measure: walk on the left side of the road, facing traffic. Statistically, your chances of survival are just twice as good as if you walked with traffic approaching from the rear.

Not all accident-liable walkers patronize country roads. The absent-minded pedestrian is more of a city problem. This type of potential victim finds himself suddenly in the middle of a street with traffic converging on him from all directions. Some of them give shamefaced explanations to the traffic-cop, like the man who was nearly run down while tussling with

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a tough problem: He had rented "Gone With the Wind" from a library, three other members of his family wanted to read it and he was deliberating whether or not it would be cheaper to buy the book when he was startled to find himself picked up by a taxi-bumper.

EYES HAVE IT: Reading Is Largely a Matter of Optical Training, Clinical Gadgets Disclose

Proudly, last week, William C. Smith, Chief of the Adult Education Bureau of the New York State Education Department, predicted that the last illiterate will vanish from the State by 1950. He told the National Council of Jewish Women, assembled in Utica, that, during the decade ending in 1930, illiteracy in the State had been reduced from 5.1 to 3.7 per cent. of the population, should drop to zero in the next fifteen years.

Most Americans are mildly shocked to learn that this country does not lead the world in literacy. For every Finn unable to write his own language, for instance, there are six Americans who sign their names with an X. Biggest trouble, however, is not the documentary "His Marks," but the whacking large percentage of the population who never really learned how to read. These semiliterates who can make stumbling sense out of the printed word largely were unsuspected until a corporal's guard of scientific workers developed gadgets for clinical reading-tests. Some of their discoveries were astonishing.

By and large, we are a nation of sixth-graders in reading-speed and comprehension. This represents a promotion of one grade since the World War, when the average reading-age was at fifth-grade level. Last year, a meeting of the American Library Association produced the estimate that half the population can not read efficiently enough to absorb ideas from the printed page. And Robert Maynard Hutchins, President of the University of Chicago, estimated recently that half the youth of the country between the ages of sixteen and twenty can not read well enough to get an education from books. If these estimates are accurate, and they come from experts, a good 50,000,000 Americans are mere semiliterate readers.

Action—Scientists at last have decided something ought to be done about it. At New York University sits a thin little bespectacled woman who is the country's No. 1 reading-doctor. She is Dr. Stella S. Center, Director of a reading-clinic with a $10 title: the Federal Project in Remedial Reading. Through her clinic, equipped with strange instruments for taking the pulse of reading-skill, some 5,000 students and adults have passed since December, 1934. Many of them were college graduates, surprized to learn that they had been reading inefficiently for years.

Guesswork has been taken out of the diagnosis of reading-skill by an instrument called the Ophthalm-O-Graph. The reader inserts his face into one end of this rectangular device in such a way that light-beams are focused on the corneas of his eyes. At the rear of the machine is a 100-foot roll of film moving at the rate of one-half foot a second. The subject reads text-matter printed on a card before his eyes. As his eyes move across the lines, the light-beams are reflected from his corneas to the film, leaving a photographic record of his optical oscillations—one track for each eye, in a pattern much like an irregular stairway.

Then comes the diagnosis, as skilled as the interpretation of an X-ray by a radiologist. If the light-track indicates an excessive number of fixations (momentary stops as the eye jerks across a line of type), if there are too many regressions or retractings by the eye to get the meaning of what has just been read, and if the light-track pattern indicates a lack of rhythm, then the subject is eminently suited to become a patient in reading.

T. R.—The skilled reader scans a line swiftly, sweeps his eye back to the beginning of the next line in about one-fortieth of a second. At each fixation of the eye upon a word symbol, a certain number of letters or words are clearly seen in the small spot in the retina which alone has sharp enough vision for reading. The number of words identified at a glance is the span of recognition. The span of the average efficient college reader is 1.2 words. Out of 3,000 cases tested, only one showed a recognition span as high as six words. Most famous example of a rapid reader was Theodore Roosevelt, reputed to be capable (with one eye) of scanning a complete page almost instantly.

Curiously enough, the eye is blind during the interval in which it jumps from one point to another on the line. But it takes only one-hundredth of a second for the eye to make its jump, and 94 per cent. of the reading-time is accounted for by the pauses during which the eye perceives. While you have been reading this paragraph, your eye has stopped about four times on each line, tho you probably weren't aware of it until you read this sentence.

Eye-movement is not the whole secret of efficient reading, Doctor Center reports, altho you can't be a good reader without optical rhythm. Reading is a complex art requiring the team-work of a number of skills. Essentially, it is not a mechanical job at all. The good reader recognizes word-forms as units, rather than building them up mentally out of their separate letters. But his real secret goes deeper than this. The expert reader thinks along with the author, creates in his own mind the thought the writer is conveying.

Vocabulary is relatively unimportant. If the idea is one with which the reader is acquainted, a few unfamiliar words won't plague him.

Speed—Can adults learn to become good readers? Is it desirable to gain reading-speed if one already can read slowly, but with comprehension? The answer is "yes" on both counts. The fast reader is the efficient reader. The slow reader, who takes words like building-blocks and assembles them into a thought-structure one at a time, does not assimilate ideas so easily. The efficient reader usually is an efficient worker. In one place of business, reported by Gladys L. Persons, Assistant Director of the reading-clinic, the office-chief had a reading-speed of 600 words a minute; the highest paid stenographer, 460 words; the poorest paid stenographer, 273 words.

To become a rapid reader, one should select material that is interesting, since

Test Your Reading-Age

A fairly accurate determination of your reading-age can be made by timing yourself as you read non-fiction text-matter, such as the columns of THE LITERARY DIGEST. Read for four minutes, count the number of words you have read, divide by four to obtain your words-a-minute speed. A good adult reader should be able to read a minimum of 250 to 300 words per minute of material of average difficulty. To determine reading-age, use this chart:

Words a Minute	
90	Second Grade
138	Third Grade
168	Fourth Grade
182	Fifth Grade
216	Sixth Grade
230	Seventh Grade
260 to 300	High School
320 to 350	College

Courtesy American Optical Co.

The Ophthalm-O-Graph records reading efficiency by projecting a beam of light upon cornea of the eyes, registering eye movements on a moving strip of film

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the purpose of reading is to absorb ideas. Then practise, determine that you are going to become a rapid reader; read as fast as you can and test yourself for comprehension of the ideas you have read. Ability to recognize the writer's main thought, to use grammar as a clue to sentence rhythm, comes with practise.

Typography has an important bearing on reading-ease. The ideal type should be not less than ten-point (one size larger than the type you are reading). Ideally, it should be painfully plain, without curlicues, preferably medium bold. Margins should be wide and even, the paper opaque, heavy, of an off-white tending toward yellow. Strangely enough, the eye reads the top of a type-line rather than the bottom. This can be tested easily by covering the top half of a line of type and trying to identify the words.

Pains—Doctor Center has been researching in reading for fifteen years. She was the first to group students according to their reading-ability. The public is treated at the reading-clinic for nominal fees. Among its patients are men holding good positions, housewives, stenographers, men who left school early, all of whom want to continue their education through reading, but find the art a painful one.

To dramatize rhythmic methods of reading, a device called the Metron-O-Scope is used. This ingenious machine exposes one or two words at a time through a large-scale slit, at intervals which represent the proper rhythmic periods of a good reader's eye. In this way good reading-habits are mechanically stimulated. Speed with which words are flashed through the viewing-slit can be controlled to suit the reader's ability.

Every school, Doctor Center believes, eventually will be prepared to make an eye-diagnosis for reading-defects just as they now take physical tests. Dartmouth University already gives an eye-diagnosis to each incoming student. Reading-courses employing the diagnosing and corrective instruments, the Ophthalm-O-Graph and the Metron-O-Scope, already are being conducted in Westchester County, New York; in Texas and New Jersey, and in Evanston, Illinois, and Los Angeles.

One of THE DIGEST's college-trained researchers (female) read the above article in three minutes, forty seconds, an average of 372 words a minute. One of the copy-readers (male) read it in one minute, fifty seconds, an average of 732 words a minute. Combined average: 552 words a minute.

BREATH OF LIFE: Babies Saved From Asphyxia by Brooklyn Physician's New Twofold Technique

Nobody knows exactly how many newborn babies die each year of asphyxia when their respiratory systems refuse to function. Best available estimates place the figure somewhere between 50,000 and 100,000 in the United States. Spanking the baby to start him breathing, holding him up by the heels, are time-honored midwife methods which do not suffice.

Last week, Dr. Robert A. Wilson, Brooklyn physician, addressed the Royal Society of Medicine in London on resuscitation of the new-born, explained a technique developed by him during a decade of research which he estimates will cut the asphyxia deaths by 25 per cent.

Doctor Wilson's life-saving method is twofold: (1) A tube connected with a supply of oxygen is inserted into the infant's windpipe. (2) The umbilical cord is severed and a respiratory stimulant injected directly into the circulatory channels. The drug is "milked" into the infant's body, acts on respiratory centers, starts the baby breathing. Then respiration is strengthened by applying to the face a mask which supplies carbon dioxid and oxygen. The method can be employed quickly and easily even in home-deliveries. Insertion of the tube into the wind-pipe can be omitted without seriously endangering results, Doctor Wilson explained.

Bid—Older methods, dangerous and of doubtful dependability, included the plunging of babies already at the point of death into ice-cold water and of breathing directly into the lungs. The Royal Society of Medicine invited Doctor Wilson to explain his technique so that its use might be introduced into England.

Asphyxia of the new-born has been a relatively neglected field of medicine. Doctor Wilson used cats in his ten-year experiments, depressed them with drugs, injected his stimulant into the animals just as they were about to die. The drug acts almost instantly, whips a dial on recording-instruments from zero to peak register in a split second's time. The Wilson technique already has been presented to obstetrical societies of Boston, Washington, New York and New Orleans.

SCIENCE SNAPS

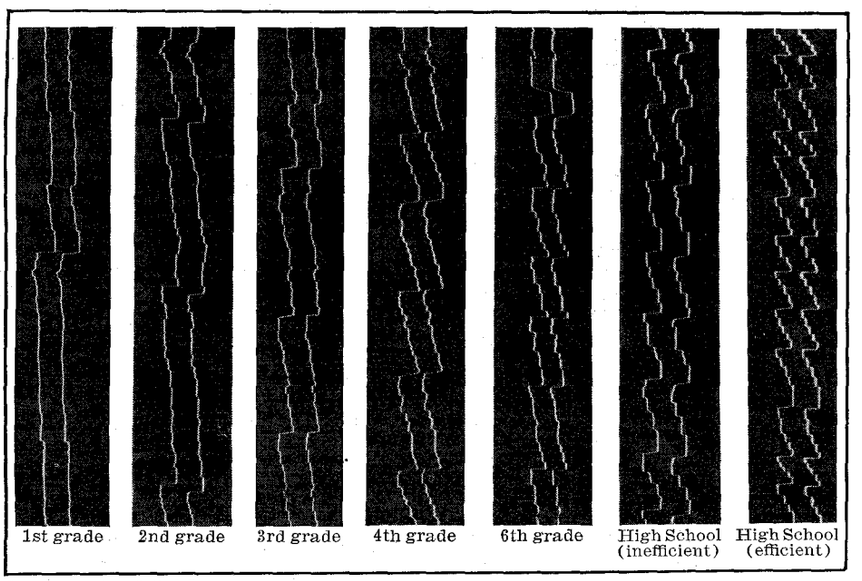
Tuned Highways—Highways that shout and roar like a traffic cop may develop out of the experiments of E. W. Davis of the University of Minnesota. Working with various types of cast-iron blocks in the search for a non-skid highway surface, he discovered that automobile tires produce a sharp variety of sounds as they pass over blocks with different surface designs. Thus a strip of high-pitched metal blocks buried along the edge and the center line of a highway would give the motorist a shrill warning when his tires strayed over his proper traffic channel.

* * *

White—According to experiments conducted in psychology classes at Westminister College, Pennsylvania, romance is associated with white. First, white is connected with moonlight; moonlight with romance, and finally romance with marriage. So girls in white get more offers of marriage.

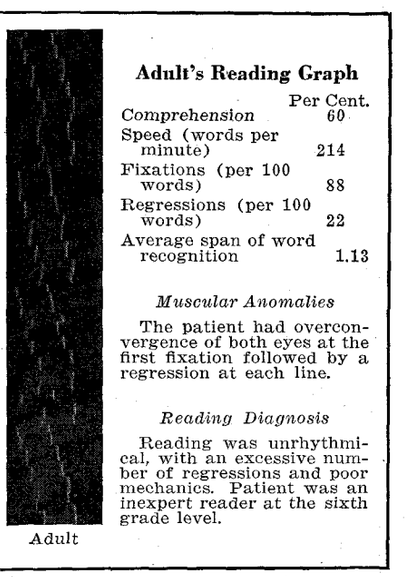
* * *

Ice—A popular sport with children these days is to get some "dry ice" from the corner drug store, put it in their mouths, and "blow off steam." Drs. Max L. Som and A. Harry Neffson, of New York City, recently had to treat a ten-year-old who swallowed a small piece. The child recovered, but only after much surgical and medical treatment. Now the doctors have sent out a warning to parents against letting their children play with dry ice (carbon dioxid snow).



Courtesy American Optical Co.

Maturation of reading-habit: Eye-movement graphs of pupils from various grades show more rhythmical movement, fewer fixations and regressions as skill is acquired


Adult's Reading Graph
Per Cent.
Comprehension 60
Speed (words per minute) 214
Fixations (per 100 words) 88
Regressions (per 100 words) 22
Average span of word recognition 1.13
Muscular Anomalies
The patient had overconvergence of both eyes at the first fixation followed by a regression at each line.
Reading Diagnosis
Reading was unrhythmical, with an excessive number of regressions and poor mechanics. Patient was an inexpert reader at the sixth grade level.
Adult

Reading graph of an adult with extensive education . . . made with the Ophthalm-O-Graph

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Shorten Your Belt
Lengthen Your Life

"Twenty pounds—in four months—twenty pounds gone! How's that?"

UP to age 30, a moderate degree of overweight helps to protect against diseases such as tuberculosis and pneumonia. But after age 30—consult the scales and watch your belt line. In older people excess fat adds to the work which the heart, liver, kidneys and pancreas are called upon to do.

Men and women over 45 who weigh 20% more than the average have a death rate that is 50% higher than the average for their age. Long continued overweight may lead to early heart disease or apoplexy. Nearly half the people who develop diabetes are very fat before the disease appears.

Too much fat usually comes from overeating, lack of exercise, or both. It is easier to avoid excess weight than to take it off. In most instances overweight can be controlled.

Even when present for many years overweight often may be reduced with safety, but each case requires individual treatment. No effort to bring about a marked weight reduction should be attempted except on the advice and under the supervision of a physician.

People who adopt an unbalanced "fad" diet, or treat themselves with reducing medicines, often suffer serious consequences. Some of these medicines contain dangerous drugs; others are practically useless for weight reduction. It may also be dangerous to begin suddenly a strenuous system of exercises in an effort to reduce. Such extreme measures may throw too great a strain on vital organs already impaired by the excess fat and cause a sudden breakdown.

Aside from overeating, lack of exercise and hereditary factors, overweight may be caused by disease or improper secretion of certain glands. Even if it is caused by an abnormal glandular condition, medical treatment can often effect a complete cure or relief.

Do you know what you should weigh? Send for the Metropolitan's booklet "Overweight and Underweight" which tells the proper weight for your age and height. In it you will find a complete program of diet and exercise which may help you to keep your weight down, or—under your physician's guidance—to reduce safely. Address Booklet Department 537-L.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board — ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. — LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

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FILM

POLITICS

STILL-MAN

MAKE-UP

Screen and Stage

CYNIC'S LENS: Unstuffing Hollywood Shirts With Pictures Debunking Idols and Icons

Will Connell has unstuffed the shirts of Hollywood with a spray-gun loaded with pure vitriol. (See pictures on these pages.) A Los Angeles photographer, Connell has turned the Klieg lights and his all-seeing lens on much that the film capital holds in holy homage and found it scarcely worth a genuflection.

"In Pictures," a handsomely bound compilation of four dozen Hollywood impressions, is Connell's debunking artillery. With the photographs is an accompanying text—the dialog of a story conference which serves as the obstetrical ward for all embryonic films. In his foreword, Connell offers a "special prize of a room and bath at Matteawan (State Insane Asylum) to the reader who can make any sense at all out of the factual record here presented."

The conversation which makes up the text is carried on by Gene Fowler, Nunnally Johnson, Patterson McNutt and Grover Jones—all film-writers in the top-notch bracket, and a stenotype operator who takes notes.

The conference was inspired by the illness of a mutual friend whom they hoped to inveigle into their trade by adapting his story.

None Spared—To Connell, who saves his respect for almost no one, a supervisor is a worm crawling from a bad apple; a star, a calcimined nonentity, and a columnist's wordage, dust-pan material. Right down the line he tramps, sparing no one. Tho the text and pictures actually are connected in no way, one complements the other to perfection.

Aside from a sense of humor that is as devastating as a tornado, and technical perfection, Connell's pictures are that long-looked-for element in photography—something new.

Back of his lens he has a brain, which comes out forcibly when his negatives reach the developing stage.

SPRING FEVER: "Call It a Day" Shakes Simple Family Into Kaleidoscope of Comedy

A comfortable film comedy is "Call It a Day"—as pleasantly refreshing as a spring breeze, and with a good sense of humor.

The *Hiltons* are a simple family. They live agreeably, have the same minor and major crises that millions of families face daily, all over the world. *Hilton père* (Ian Hunter), a successful accountant, has been married for twenty years and never once let his affections stray. *Dorothy*, his wife, devotes her time and interests to their home and children.

One son and two daughters have various interests to which the audience is introduced during the sole day the picture flashes into their lives. *Martin*, less than twenty, can not survive, he earnestly believes, without a car; seventeen-year-old *Catherine* is madly in love with a

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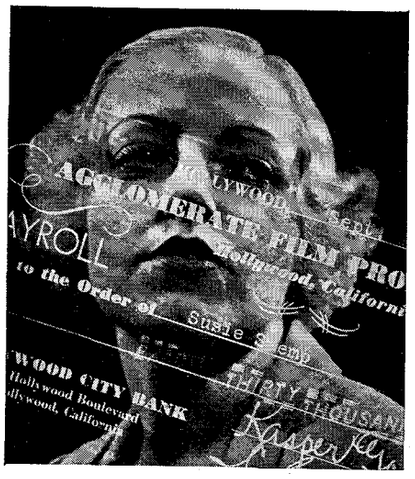
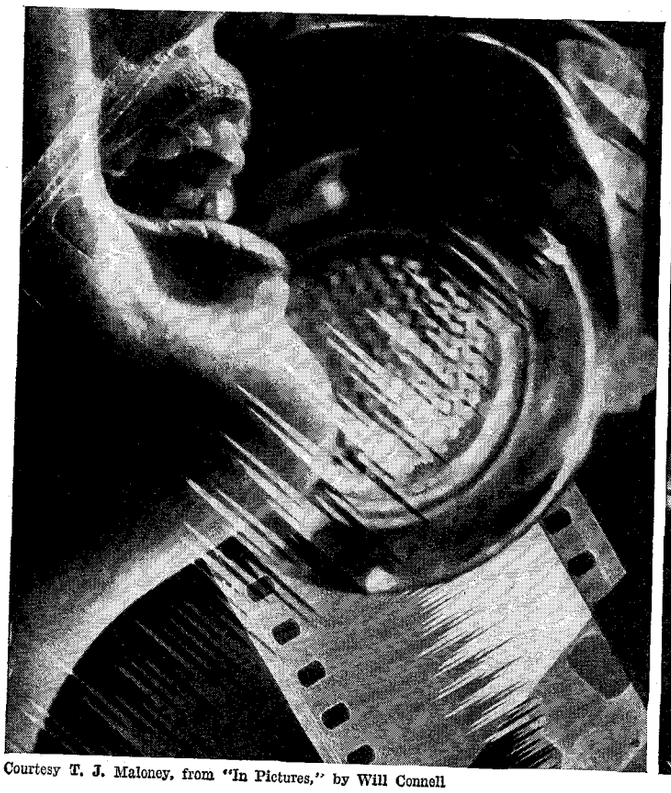
SUPERVISOR



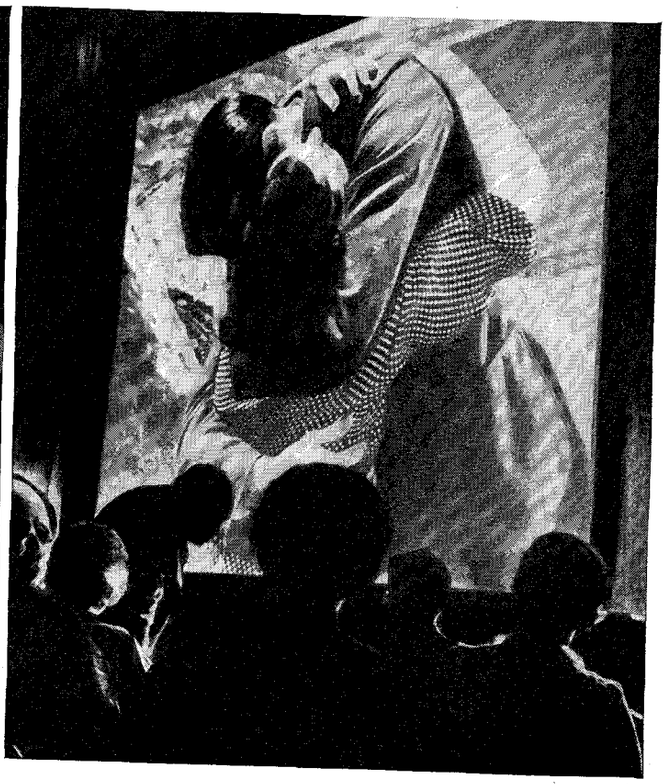
STAR

YES-MAN



Courtesy T. J. Maloney, from "In Pictures," by Will Connell

SOUND



CLINCH

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thoroughly married artist; and *Ann*, twelve, lives only for the paintings of Rossetti.

Coils—Dodie Smith, former London shopgirl who wrote the play, shakes these simple people into a kaleidoscope of comedy which never once retreats from the mirthful burst with which it starts. Under the spell of spring, upon whose shoulders Miss Smith lays the blame, *Roger Hilton* momentarily becomes smitten with an actress. *Dorothy* flirts with the idea—and person—of encouraging an admirer, the brother of her friend.

The children get as thoroughly snarled up as their parents, and the mad March air even seeps into the kitchen, where the cook and her assistants are caught by the fever.

Warner Brothers entrusted this frothy comic wave to the understanding hands of Archie Mayo, who makes it all turn out believably and satisfactorily. Aided and abetted by a facile cast, Mayo was fortunate in obtaining the services of two irrepressible comedians—Alice Brady and Roland Young. Miss Brady is a complete zany as *Dorothy Hilton's* shopping companion, bent on marrying off her brother, Young. Bonita Granville, Frieda Inescort, Ian Hunter, Olivia de Havilland, Peggy Wood and Walter Woolf King form the rest of the star-studded cast.

* * *

"EXCURSION," A WHIMSY PLAY

Playwrights suffer all kinds of first-night maladies. Some take to frantic pacings up and down the aisles, others to the comforting assurances of friends who figuratively hold their hands until the final curtain descends. But all of them, no matter what their reaction, wait up until the morning papers come out, to see what the critics have to say.

Not so Victor Wolfson. When Producer John C. Wilson called him last week, the morning after his play, "Excursion," opened, Wolfson might have been living in Mars, for all he knew of the fate of his work. Bright and early that morning he had gone out into the garden of his Connecticut farm, worked hard on the spring planting, without even so much as a curious glance at a review.

If he was sparing himself from unfriendly criticism, his efforts were needless. With almost complete accord, one and all of the critics shouted such loud praise that it should have been audible in quiet Connecticut.

Wolfson has written a touching, whimsical play that is so perfectly directed by Worthington Miner, and so handsomely played by a score of actors, that any slight threadbareness of plot is forgiven.

It is the story of the captain of an excursion-boat, plying between New York City and Coney Island, on her last voyage.

Escape—For thirty years, the captain has steered her back and forth, her passengers always searching for something, an escape the captain knows they never find. Prodded by his sea-dog brother, the captain decides he'll seek it for them. Instead of returning them to their humdrum, drab lives, he decides to take his passengers to a Utopia, a little island he knows in the Caribbean, where each of the motley group can surely find the solution to his problem.

But, as many writers have proved before, there is no escape from reality, and reality, for Mr. Wolfson's purpose, is the arm of the law in the person of the Coast Guard. Back to port they all must go, and to the unpleasantness they hoped they had said good-by to forever.

Unfolded the same way as the plot of "Grand Hotel," with divers characters and as many situations, "Excursion" has humor, charm and a homey quality that is heart-warming. Whitford Kane heads the large, capable cast as the captain, and receives whole-hearted support from every one.

Animals

DOLLARS TO DOGDOM:

Pampering of Nation's Pets Creates New Food and Beauty Trades

HOLLYWOOD—Face-lifting has hit filmdom's dogs. Harry Lyon, owner of a boxer listed among the first nine in the nation, had the pooch's jowls done over so he'd look better in the films.

NEW YORK—Bonbons for bow-wows. A palatable, nutritious bit of candy for dogs has been invented by a veterinarian. . . . Altho it is sweet and guaranteed to hold a dog over the cocktail-hour to dinner, it is composed of ingredients that will not upset his diet.

Last week Americans celebrated Be Kind to Animals Anniversary. The truth is, some of the nation's pups don't seem to need kindness. In fact, from points east and west, news items indicate that dogs born in the better canine maternity-hospitals are slipping into the lush life. (See cover.) Whether shopping along the avenue in a sweater matching the costume of his mistress—or with toe-nails manicured and colored to complement his gay harness—the aristocrat of dogdom is demanding and getting the best. Dog *shoppes* must contain everything from flea-proof beds to dog-perfumes. None but the best of surgeons may touch a nose attacked by a springing mouse-trap.

Canine Bath Club—Soon to be announced in pet-columns of newspapers, *via* canine radio programs and advertising sections of smart magazines, is the ultimate in doggy swank—the opening of The Dog Bath Club in Manhattan's fashionable East Side.

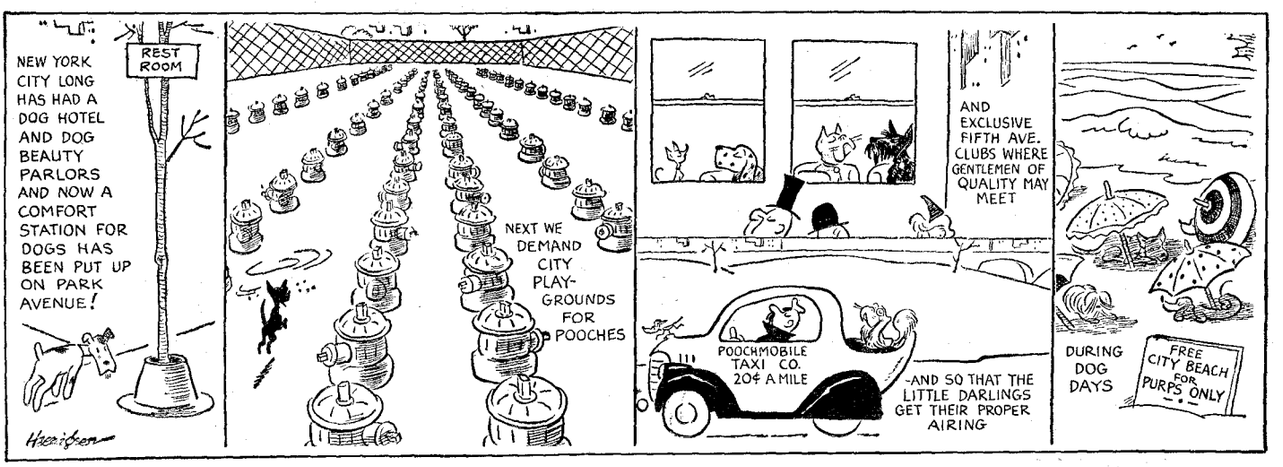
Sniffing disdainfully at such stuffy 1890-built clubs as are inhabited by their human associates, smart dogs are to consort in surroundings 1937 *moderne*. Air-conditioning, cobalt-blue manicuring-stalls, soft beige backgrounds, are calculated to soothe the nerves of a dog which may have met sharp reverses in the cat market, perhaps has been turned down by some Park Avenue poodle.

Forgetting such cares of the world, dogs with the price ($10 is the membership fee, but all services are extra) may take a brisk work-out on one of the twenty-two running-tracks on the club's sun-deck, a cooling swim in the pool. At a growl, there is an attendant to handle the soaps, sponges and bath-robes at one of the many built-in bathtubs.

Manicuring, plucking, sun-ray lamps may be had for a bark. Complete rest comes behind the vita-ray glass of the solarium, or under a sun-umbrella in the landscaped roof-garden.

For those whose health problems are no mere case of nerves—the more civilized, the more complicated these matters become—there are, of course, a dentist and *medico*, a complete drug store, and an operating-room with all the latest equipment. A dog's life, obviously, just isn't a dog's life any more.

Nor is dog service, whether from dog-walking concerns, food manufacturers,


NEW YORK CITY LONG HAS HAD A DOG HOTEL AND DOG BEAUTY PARLORS AND NOW A COMFORT STATION FOR DOGS HAS BEEN PUT UP ON PARK AVENUE!
REST ROOM
NEXT WE DEMAND CITY PLAY-GROUNDS FOR POOCHES
AND EXCLUSIVE FIFTH AVE. CLUBS WHERE GENTLEMEN OF QUALITY MAY MEET
POOCHMOBILE TAXI CO. 20¢ A MILE
-AND SO THAT THE LITTLE DARLINGS GET THEIR PROPER AIRING
DURING DOG DAYS
FREE CITY BEACH FOR PURPS ONLY
Haenigsen

"A DOG'S LIFE"

©Haenigsen in New York Evening Journal

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caterers or beauticians, paid for in bones. The sum of $600,000,000, one authority estimates, was the dog bill last year.*

Catering Costs—Probably the biggest dog expense is food, ranging from biscuits of all sizes and varieties to canned meat mixed with cereals. Food for an estimated 15,000,000 dogs makes a sizable target for industrious mortals to shoot at. Recent development among food concerns has been the Canine Catering Company, with 100,000 doggy customers in eight cities, operating in New York and Philadelphia, with refrigerated trucks carrying food three times a week to clients. The cost, depending on amount of food required, ranges from $1 to $3.50 a week, this for fresh beef or lamb, raw or cooked, cubed or ground, with vegetable vitamin juices, shredded cabbage or lettuce optional. The service is indispensable, in the opinion of dogs whose masters live in hotels and "eat out."

Next in importance to food is dog-equipment. Big department stores have dog shops carrying a complete line of wicker beds and baskets, shipping-cages (for dog travel, which the Railway Express Agency estimates at 11,000,000 trips last year), leads and harnesses, sweaters, camel's-hair coats, plaid backs as varied as Joseph's coat of many colors, fur boots, leather boots, blankets and rain-coats. Eating and grooming equipment includes dishes of aluminum, china and chromium; plucking-combs, currycombs, smoothing-combs; brushes by the basketful; nail-clippers and hair-clippers; "defleaizers"; deodorizers; perfume and perfumed shampoo-soaps; beauty-soaps, antiflea-soaps and a veritable drug store full of nostrums including vermifuges, vitamin-tonics, condition-pills, cod-liver oil and yeast.

* Not including purchase price.

Beauty for the Beasts—Of dog beauty shops, Tommy's Canine Beauty Salon on Park Avenue, New York, is an example. Tommy cleans, plucks, trims, giving a dog "the works" from bath to manicure, for $8. For $3.50 a week, he walks dogs, rain or shine, sleet or snow; provides a staying-in service* for owners who wish to take in a theater and night-club, parking for ten cents an hour, board for $1 a day.

Backing up the service divisions of dogdom are the legions of breeders and dog clubs of America. The American Kennel Club, a central association, has 190 member clubs numbering more than 5,000 registered kennels, with 1,134,000 dogs. Along highways, in suburban back yards, even on roofs and in basements, kennels are everywhere. Each year, they produce a larger proportion of America's dogs, board more of them while families take motor trips in the summer.

Forced to endure coddling, improper feeding, too much artificial heat, the modern city dog falls an easy prey to disease. Yet dogs raised on farms—not gentlemen's estates—sleep in the wood-shed, eat scraps of meat, vegetables and bones from the family table, and live to a ripe old age uncomplicated by rickets, stomach ulcers, constipation, paresis or bronchitis. Their principal hazards are the blades of mowing-machines, barbed wire and the shotguns of irate neighbors. If occasionally they suffer one of the afflictions of their effete city brethren, few farmers dream of calling in a veterinarian. Survival of the fittest is the rule.

* Tommy sends a dog-watcher at twenty cents an hour, to serve like the neighborhood girl parents hire to look after the baby.

In large cities, however, the tendency to hospitalization is growing rapidly. In New York, two great animal hospitals—the Ellin Prince Speyer Hospital and the shelter of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—as well as scores of private hospitals, are equipped for everything from a major operation on the stomach to bandaging the sore paw of *Johnny's Fido.*

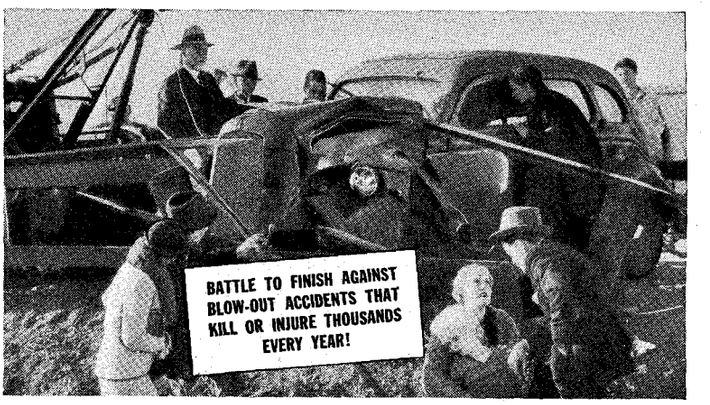
Medical Treatment—At the A.S.P.C.A. main shelter (there are five shelters of A.S.P.C.A. in Greater New York) Dr. Raymond Garbutt holds forth with such instruments as a pair of forceps three feet long which he can insert down a dog's gullet and, with the aid of a fluoroscope, remove foreign objects ranging from roller-skate wheels to *Mrs. Smith's* diamond tiara.

Improper food accounts for many dog ailments, Doctor Garbutt says. Too often the animals are expected to eat spaghetti and beans, cake and candy, thick creams and foods rich with starch. A dog is essentially carnivorous and, like his ancestors at the kill, should have the privilege of gulping down meat which is warmed to the temperature of his stomach. . . . Occasionally, non-starchy vegetables should find their way into his fare, and bones—a good beef bone (not a dangerously splintery chicken bone).

With proper food and exercise, a dog

WAR DECLARED ON UNSAFE TIRES

War Dispatch By
EDDIE RICKENBACKER
Ace of War Aces



FROM my "reserved seat" in the sky amid the thunder of anti-aircraft guns, I have seen our boys mowed down on shell-torn battle fields like blades of grass. Yes, I thought that in those hectic years of strife the loss of American life had reached an all-time high.

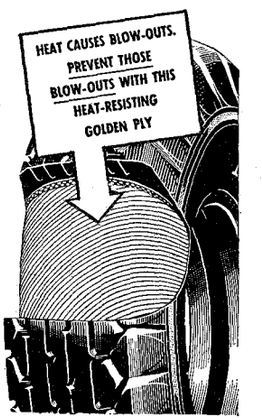
But I was wrong. In 1936 nearly 38,000 American motorists were killed in accidents. Included in this appalling total are thousands of motorists who are killed or injured every year when blow-outs throw cars out of control—thousands upon thousands of car owners who do not seem to realize that one great factor in *safe* motoring is *safe* tires.

EDDIE RICKENBACKER

The B. F. Goodrich Company has taken an important step to halt the advance of this menace to motoring safety. It has mobilized an army of 36,000 Goodrich dealers from coast to coast whose main objective is to replace unsafe, tread-worn tires with new, safe, full-treaded tires—tires that provide motorists with real protection against high-speed blow-outs.

Their ammunition is the Goodrich Safety Silvertown—the *only* tire built with the Life-Saver Golden Ply. This is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist the terrific blowout-causing heat generated *inside* all tires by today's high speeds. By resisting this heat, the Golden Ply prevents the great, unseen cause of high-speed blow-outs.

Let's all do our share to make America safe for American motorists. Keep your family and yourself off the 1937 casualty list. Join the "safety first" army. Ride on Goodrich Golden Ply Silvertowns. Remember, these life-saving tires that also give you months of extra mileage actually cost *much less* than other super-quality tires. For safety *tomorrow*, see your Goodrich dealer about a set of Golden Ply Silvertowns today.



Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

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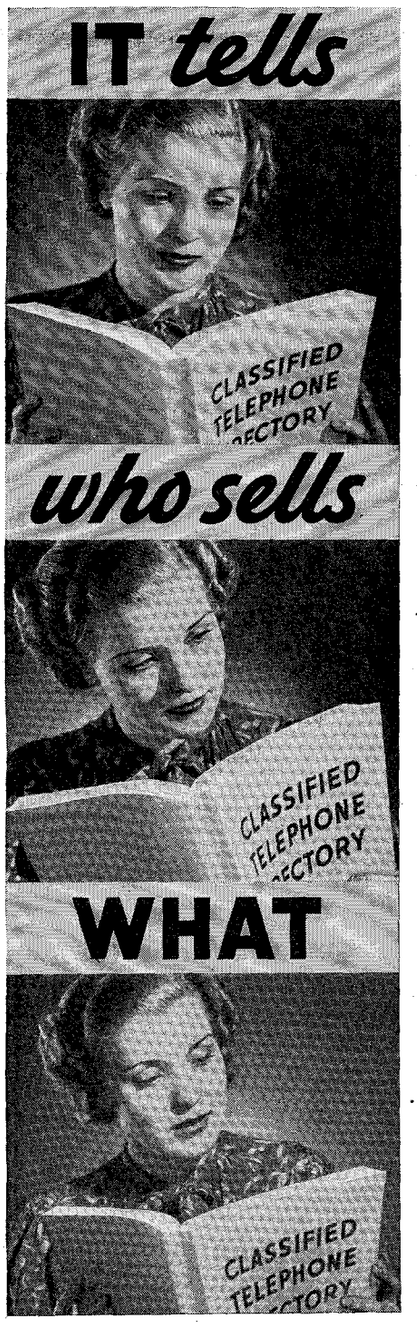
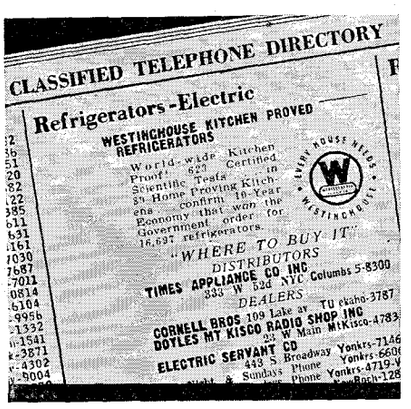


When you want to know who sells a certain advertised product or when you want a plumber, an electrician or any tradesman—your Classified Telephone Directory will tell you. It offers helpful "Where To Buy It" information.



is seldom in need of a cathartic. Milk of magnesia, rather than harsher castor-oil, as any child will agree, is the best type of laxative.

Along with medical and surgical experts, dogs have their dentists, of whom Dr. W. H. Dohm is one. In his New York office, he takes care of 2,000 patients a year. Showing a marked tendency toward human traits, dogs don't like to go to the dentist, have to be strapped to a table, jaws clamped open. With forty-two teeth —ten more than their masters have to go wrong—dogs still have fewer cavities, find 50 per cent. of their oral troubles arising from pyorrhea. Occasionally, it is necessary to straighten a tooth for a smart show-dog.

Veterinarians—One aspect of the dog boom is the fact that veterinarians have smacked technological unemployment in the nose. Forty years ago, veterinarians were horse doctors. A comfortable practise slipped away as horseless carriages began to roar their way across the nation. So fast did veterinarian ranks diminish that in 1929 Dr. John Mohler of the Bureau of Animal Industry, Department of Agriculture, bemoaned the scarcity of competent animal *medicos*.

Recently, however, veterinary colleges have been "turning 'em out," 203 veterinarians having been graduated last June from eight such institutions alone. As applicants now outnumber facilities, requirements are tightening.

Charges for dog treatments vary, as in human affairs, according to neighborhood and purse.

Typical fees in New York are: $45 to $50 for an operation; $10 for a maternity case; $2 for a wound or foot injury. Home calls range from $3 to $5.

In maternity cases, bitches go to a ward-cage. When the *accouchement* arrives, veterinarian and attendants are on hand with all instruments which might be necessary. Usually, no help is needed; the female still bears her puppies in the silent, unaided manner of the thousands of generations preceding her.

Occasionally, Cæsarean operations must be performed, particularly among Boston terriers.

Dog Racketeers—Preying upon dogs, as they do on the butcher, baker and candlestick-maker, racketeers thrive upon the canine industries. Some of them put out food and soaps which honest manufacturers condemn. The stealing of dogs is the worst crime against them, thousands being taken from neighborhoods every year and sold in other communities. The Animal Protection Union, an association of breeders and owners of pure-bred dogs headed by Mrs. Daisy Miller of New York, has handled the cases of 500,000 missing dogs in the metropolitan area since the Union's formation ten years ago. At least 80 per cent. of them were stolen, according to Mrs. Miller.

Suburban communities offer the best harvest for thieves. With dogs romping freely, it is an easy matter for knaves in automobiles to come along and pick them up. Dogs left locked in cars while owners shop or visit also make easy hauls for thugs who have the right key.

The city is the market for stolen dogs, a pet shop dealer the "fence." Dishonest dealers fix up bogus papers, sell the dogs to unsuspecting buyers for fancy prices.

The miscreants who do the actual stealing of a $150 dog usually get only $3 to $5. Four or five animals a day, tho, doesn't make a small total.

Best friends of man since the Neolithic and bronze ages, dogs have borne a heavy burden as man's scapegoat. "Try it on the dog," or "it's a dog's life," has a familiar ring. In parts of India, the dog is regarded as the reincarnation of a man who sinned, is treated accordingly. American Indians frequently butchered dogs as sacrifices to their gods. Turks used to beat them in February to prevent their going mad in July. In the West Himalayas, hillmen stuff a dog with sweetmeats, intoxicate him with liquor, then fly at him with sticks and stones.

Chasing him out of the village, they believe they are driving out misfortune for another year.

Perhaps on these ancient or distant scores, mankind is only trying to make restitution when he builds such a mausoleum as the $25,000 structure in Hartsdale, New York. Thousands have paused in the Hartsdale cemetery at the foot of the monument to the War Dog. Commanding a flight of white marble steps stands his impressive bronze figure, a German shepherd dog, wearing a Red Cross insignia, a water-bottle and leather helmet lying at his feet.

Across the nation spreads man's tribute to dogdom: R. H. Parkinson, landscape architect, doing his best work for the Pet Burial Park of San Antonio, Texas; Radnor, Pennsylvania, proud of its Francisvale Cemetery; the one at Linnwood, New Jersey, boasting a solid mahogany coffin lined with copper which holds the remains of a German shepherd dog, shot while protecting his mistress from thieves.

Rest in Peace

Father, in Thy starry tent
I kneel, a humble suppliant. . . .
A dog has died to-day on earth,
Of little worth
Yet very dear.
Gather him in Thine arms
If *only*
For a while.
I fear
He will be lonely. . . .
Shield him with Thy smile.

Wilfred J. Funk

Pictures, Inc.

Toe-nail manicure for an aristocratic English bull in Tommy Burgess's canine beauty salon

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Psychology

THOUGHT-TALK: Telepathy Comes Out of Vaudeville Act Class and Goes to Laboratories

"Some day I will be able to sit in the silence of my own room here in New York and converse mentally with a friend in Los Angeles," predicts Ed Bodin, veteran psychologist, in the current issue of the magazine *Psychology*. "And I will need neither sight nor hearing to do it."

"I will go even further in a prediction. Before 1950, you will be able to send out a mental flash to some friend, not knowing where that friend might be—and, in a few moments, you will receive a mental flash in return. Perhaps some scientific instrument will be used, but communication *will* be established."

This sounds like the romantic thought-wish of a superscience-writer, but it isn't. As weird as it seems, it represents, in a way, what is in the mind to-day of many an experimenter, professional and amateur, in what has become the most fascinating of popular psychological inquiries—telepathy and clairvoyance.

Taken out of the music-hall and put in the laboratory, these exotic studies already have undergone in a number of universities crude successful tests between persons hundreds of miles apart. In fact, in America's No. 1 laboratory at Duke University, an expert sat one night with a synchronized watch and "transmitted" thought-waves to another investigator at Stanford University, California.

Unity—Little known to the public, these investigators have conducted more than 500,000 tests in the last six years with a system of card-selection and have reached the definite conclusion that telepathy and clairvoyance are one and the same and do exist in fact.

Having isolated these powers from the general field of psychical research, experimenters are pursuing their work energetically in the hope they have struck upon a possible key to the other mysteries of the mind.

Practically everybody has some strange story to tell—of dreams, hunches, visions, apparitions, prophecy, messages from the dead, premonitions, mental healing. It is estimated that one out of four in "Who's Who" will admit such occurrences in personal life. To-day, magazines like conservative *Harper's* devote long columns to scientific research progress and psychology journals have started permanent departments devoted to the subject.

Bridge—Whereas a generation ago the average person was chary to reveal these experiences publicly, except at psychical research meetings, no hesitation is shown to-day. Out in Boise, Idaho, a doctor named Wyly prides himself upon the telepathy he uses in bridge games. Says he: "By severe concentration, I can influence the choice of opponents' trumps, unless a hand is outstanding in one particular trump."

Psychologist Bodin reveals, too, that a woman at Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, reports an actual instance of thought-transference in an emergency when telegraph and telephone were useless. In Toronto, R. Williamson recounts that, stranded on a country road, he got help through telepathy, once similarly obtained a doctor when he was near death.

Luther Burbank's mother awoke with the notion that a distant friend had died. Shortly after, word reached her of the friend's demise. J. W. Dunne, a British air-plane designer, slept for years with note-book under his pillow. Upon awakening in the morning, he would jot down his dreams. These he published in "An Experiment in Time." In some cases his dreams "materialized" later in actual events. He thought maybe he had been in telepathic communication with a Fleet Street reporter.

Finder—Edwin Teale in *Popular Science* tells of a Hawaiian forester who dreamed of a soldier, ragged and dirty, missing for a week, wandering on the flank of the volcano Mauna Loa. The dreamer tramped up the side of the mountain the next day, found the soldier in the place of his dream.

Rudyard Kipling, in his autobiography, wrote: "It was here I first met Rhodes. He was inarticulate as a schoolboy of fifteen. Jameson and he communicated by telepathy." Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was a firm believer in telepathy. Sir Oliver Lodge is convinced of its truth. Another scientist, Sir William Crookes, suggested that it might be due to high-frequency vibrations of the ether by molecular action of the brain of the agent and received by the percipient. Upton Sinclair wrote a profound study of the phenomena in "Mental Radio." Among others who have been deeply interested are William James and Dr. Alexis Carrel.

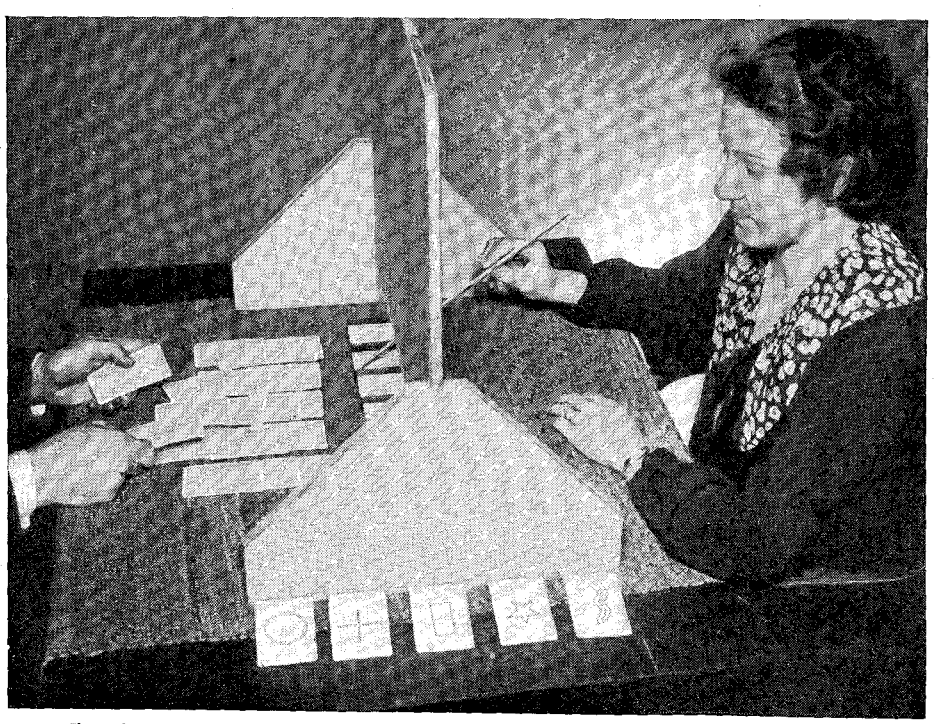
Never recognized by science, psychical phenomena hardly were taken seriously by the investigating world until about sixty years ago in England. The word telepathy was coined only fifty years ago by Dr. F. W. H. Myers, President of the Society for Psychical Research in London.

Differences—Telepathy and clairvoyance for years were treated as complementary, or mutually exclusive, with a stronger case for the former than the latter. In function, the difference between the two is this: On a table, place a card with its back showing. If you can guess correctly what its face is, that is clairvoyance; if another person tries the same guess by reading your mind while you concentrate upon the card, that's telepathy.

Unaffected by age, education or creed, this faculty—now proved to be one and the same—functioned supposedly from telepathic impressions passing first from the agent's conscious to his sublimal mind, then from his sublimal to that of the percipient. What happens is a transmission of a series of more or less generalized ideas from which the percipient—as each idea floats up into his consciousness—builds a complete impression more or less resembling that which the agent sought to convey. Ideas may be transmitted telepathically without conscious deliberate effort by either agent or percipient, transmission taking place directly between their sublimal minds. Sometimes the percipient's sublimal mind goes to look for impressions, instead of receiving them passively.

Science often has asked whether the process is physical or psychic. If it is physical, how are the ideas sent out? Telepathy does not employ the dots, dashes, sounds and symbols of other modes of communication and it violates the law of the inverse square. Is there a sixth sense at bottom? But telepathic subjects say they do not employ an organ like the ears and eyes. That spirits leave the body and commune with each other is scientifically doubted to-day; also that one mind sends out superradio thought-waves.

Pioneer—A young, mop-haired student at the University of Chicago named J. B. Rhine found such questions as these creasing his brow as he was concluding his botany studies about fifteen years ago. With his wife, Louisa, he decided that this was the most intriguing field of scientific research open to a young, questioning mind. In 1926, he confided this to Prof. William McDougall, of Harvard, eminent psychologist. This university, along with Stanford and the University of Pennsylvania, already had been investigating this phenomena. Doctor McDougall moved to Duke University the following year, and Rhine went with him. In 1930, the young psychologist was encouraged to follow up



Thoughts through the ether . . . a student at Duke points to an ESP (Extra-Sensory Perception) card which she believes is the same as one held by a telepathy expert

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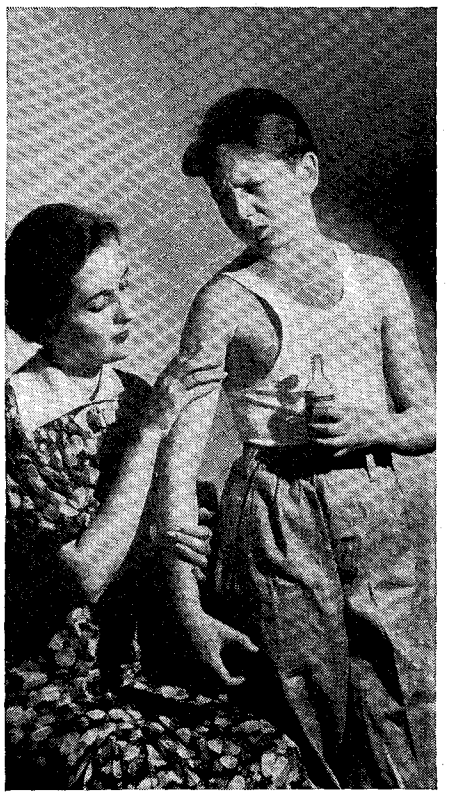
ARM SORE
FROM FIRST GAME
Mother applies Absorbine Jr. and muscles get QUICK RELIEF



WRITES Mrs. R.,* of Champaign, Ill.: "My son came home from his first baseball game of the season with his right arm so sore he could hardly move it. I applied Absorbine Jr. a few times and he was ready for his game the next day."

Spring is the open season for aches and pains. Unaccustomed exercise after a winter of inactivity brings sore muscles—muscular rheumatic aches often start up, too. At no time of the year is good old Absorbine Jr. so welcome in the home to soothe and relieve sore, aching muscles. Keep a bottle of this friendly family liniment handy in your medicine cabinet. It comes to you with the highest recommendations of many doctors and nurses for over 40 years. Also wonderful for relieving Athlete's Foot. Absorbine Jr. is sold at all drug stores, $1.25 a bottle, and thrifty to use because a little goes so far. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 345 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

**Based on actual letter in our files*

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot

his keen interest, began a series of experiments which make him a pioneer in this type of investigation.

These experiments were based on a deck of twenty-five cards whose faces bear five symbols—a star, a cross, a rectangle, a circle and a series of wavy lines. One subject, Miss Sara Ownbey, Duke psychologist, imagined these cards one after another as they might lie in the pack. "GZ," another Duke psychologist, a man, sat with his eyes closed, in deep abstraction from his surroundings, and told card by card what Miss Ownbey was thinking. He did not always read her mind.

But when he sat beside her and called the whole pack 950 times, his average of right calls of her imaginary cards was fourteen a pack. When he sat in the next room from her, his average was 14.6 in 750 packs, and when he sat two rooms away his average was sixteen cards right in each of 250 packs. He made, furthermore, one perfect score of twenty-five, while sitting beside Miss Ownbey. He made numerous runs close to twenty or even above. Miss Ownbey and a person identified as "MFT" tried the same thing 250 miles apart and "MFT," in calling eight packs, averaged 10.1 cards correct.

Accuracy—Like telepathy, the second-sight experiments described were set up to meet scientific criticisms of previous tests. The actual cards with the five symbols were used. In one experiment of 1,625 such trials, in which "HP" did not do quite so well, Doctor Rhine says the odds against the result being chance are one hundred quintillion to one. It takes only twenty ciphers to write this one.

Starting with a telepathic horse named Lady and then moving from children in summer-camps to his own laboratorial assistants, Doctor Rhine made more than 100,000 tests, described the results of them in his "Extrasensory Perception," which was published in 1934. Promptly, a dozen other universities took up similar work. Last week, the results of these mass experiments—amounting to 500,000 tests—were disclosed in *The Journal of Parapsychology*, a new quarterly published for the first time by Doctors McDougall and Rhine at Duke University.

Comments William Moulton Marston, noted psychologist: "These psychic discoveries by reputable scientists have opened up, literally, a new world. Those who sneer at life after death have now the burden of proving that this extrasensory self which can hover above its own body on the operating-table or flit at will across the world, bringing back intelligent information, is a product of the material brain and snuffs out when the brain ceases to function. It gives us something to wait for with new eagerness as science marches forward into the unknown."

Letters and Art

PARLOR MAGIC: How to Lift Your Friends Out of a Dull Evening's Doldrums

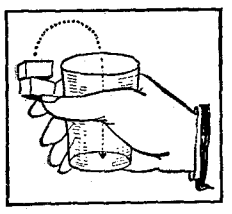
The atmosphere is strained. Every one has said the cake is wonderful, that it's nice to be together again, that the weather is pretty warm—and the chances are ten to one that the party is heading for the rocks. That's the time to trot out a few tricks to liven up a flagging evening.

Best method of procedure is to master a couple of simple stunts and strut them with a goodly show of mystery. Any professional magician is a secretive fellow, and with good reason. As soon as the audience knows what is coming, or how a trick is going to be done, the halo of mystery is shattered.

"Never tell in advance the result you hope to arrive at!" warns Alexander the Magician. And Alexander should know, for he's a professional as well as the conductor of the Magic Club in the magazine *Young America*.

Coin Trick—One of the simplest and most effective tricks comes when the amateur magician makes a coin vanish. How is it done? Simple. On the nail of your fourth finger, put a coating of wax or soap—enough so that a coin will stick to it. From the assembled audience borrow a coin and place it in the palm of your hand. Then quietly close your fingers. The coin will stick to the wax, and after a few moments you can open your hand. The coin will have "vanished." It's really

CUBES AND GLASS

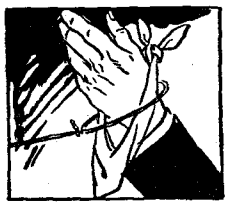


You will need two lumps of sugar and a glass small enough to be held in your hand. Hold one of the cubes between the thumb and first finger and place the other lump atop it. You must try to toss the top lump into the air and catch it in the glass. Then you must catch the second lump, too!

The first is caught easily; but you will find in trying to catch the second that the first lump falls out of the glass. There is only one way to do this trick—do not throw the second lump into the air at all! Instead, let go of the lump of sugar and drop the hand holding the glass, very quickly. As the cube falls, you can catch it in the glass.

From "The Magic Show Book" by Alexander, the Magician.

SILK AND STRING



Take a fine quality silk handkerchief that compresses well into a small space. Tie two corners of the handkerchief together so that it forms a ring. Have one end of a length of string tied to each wrist, the string to be about three feet long. Tell the audience that you will cause the handkerchief to appear on the string without any of the knots being untied or tampered with.

Here is how it's done. Slip the handkerchief under the string which is around one wrist. The illustration will make this clear. After the handkerchief is on your arm, slide it down, this time having it go over the outside of the string and out onto it. It will then be tied in the center.

From "The Magic Show Book" by Alexander, the Magician.

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clinging unobtrusively to your finger-nail, but no one need know that.

To prove to your public that you have "X-ray" eyes, and can see through paper and wood, have somebody fish from his pockets a box of matches. Announce then that the audience is to get together, rearrange the matches in the box, then trot them forth. Without peeping inside, you'll be able to tell in which end of the box the match-heads are snuggling. The secret: when you take back the box, balance it sideways for a moment on your finger. The end where the heads are located will be heavier and the box will tip in that direction.

Warning—Here the professional magicians step in to warn the beginner. Magic is one of the few fields that make no distinction between a good amateur and a professional. Any magician who works for the fun of it can turn professional whenever he likes, provided he's expert enough. Magic is a field that always has welcome arms for another proficient man. The man who fumbles his tricks will never get anywhere; what's more, after the first audience of fond friends gets bored, he won't want to.

A simple trick for the beginner to cut his eye-teeth on is widely used by fake spiritual mediums. The psychic one enters a dimly-lighted room. About the table sit a dozen more or less tense people, eager to communicate with the dead. To convince them the séance is genuine, the medium submits the hovering spirit to some preliminary tests. Going into a trance, she asks the ghost to drink a glass of water, placed invitingly on the table. To prevent fraud, the mouth of the glass has two strips of paper pasted criss-cross on its top.

Lights Out—The lights fade into blackness; silence fills the room, and the spirit drinks. The lights go on. The glass is empty, the paper strips undampened. No mere mortal has drunk that water.

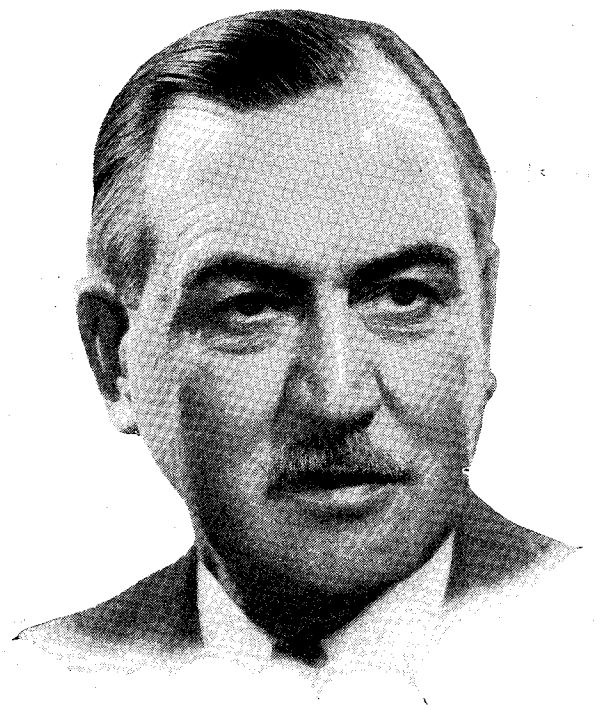
But, actually, the medium accomplished the trick. In her sleeve was an ordinary straw. When the lights went out she pulled forth the straw, inserted it between the paper strips and sucked up the water. The amateur necromancer, with the proper manner, can make it an effective part of his repertoire.

But few indeed are the non-professional magicians who know how to work with the proper showmanship. To the man who makes magic his living, the adage: "The hand is quicker than the eye" is just so much talk. The magician's hand is not quicker than his audience's eye. His hand is more flexible than the vainest woman's and stronger than 90 per cent. of the blacksmiths'—but it is not quicker.

Slowly—The real magician works extremely slow so that his audience may have every chance to see what's going on. If the performer hurries, the public gets restless. People feel they have been cheated. The magician hasn't given them a chance to see the parts of a trick. They've been deprived of their opportunity to find out where the catch is.

No magician, amateur or professional, who is properly equipped with the grand manner and good tricks, ever fears the wiseacre. No audience is complete without the man who buttonholes his friends to say: "Listen, do you want to know how that's done?"

But the trickster never pays any attention, even if the would-be informer is



To a man who looks older than he is—

IF YOU have shaved by the old method, Nature has given you a tough, calloused and scaly skin to protect you from the blade. This artificial skin is older-looking than your own natural skin.

Continuous use of a Schick Shaver for a period of time—generally two to four weeks—gets rid of most of this old skin. The action of the Schick is as gentle as rubbing your face with your finger tips, so the dead skin flakes off until, over a period of time, it is entirely discarded and a new, more youthful skin takes its place.

Then you can shave much easier, quicker and closer, and your face has a different and better appearance.

BUT THAT ISN'T ALL

The sheer joy of shaving with a Schick is its vital priceless advantage. It has no blades—so you cannot cut or scrape yourself. You need no water, soap, lather or creams. It shaves up and down with a *double stroke* that shaves faster.

SAVES MONEY, TOO

Our records show years of shaving with a Schick at no cost except less than a *dime's worth of electricity a year.* One man told us he shaved 2000 times. Another had 1500 shaves for $15—a cent each—and his shaver is as good as new.

How could shaving cost less?

GO TO A DEALER TODAY

Let him show you the proper method of using the shaver and it will take only a few days for you to acquire the knack of fast, close shaving.

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco. In Canada: Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores. (Canadian price, $16.50)

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shrieking his message at the top of his voice. The magician knows just what will happen. In less than two seconds, half the audience has pounced with indignation upon the illusion-destroyer. Out of the gathering he goes, on his ear.

The cause for the rapid bouncing lies in the fact that people don't like to be told they're dumb. And that's just what the informer does. In his misguided way, he says to his friends: "You're not smart enough to see just where the machinery is in this trick. But I am. Here's how it works—."

Numbers—Numbers provide a field where few fun-killers have a chance to talk. Example: Ask some one to pick a number up through nine, double it and multiply by five. Then ask him what the answer is. When he gives the result, just drop the zero on the end and announce in a loud voice the remaining figure, which is the original number.

If the victim chooses six, doubles it, he has twelve. Multiplied by five, he'll give an answer of sixty. All the magician needs is to drop the end zero for the correct answer—six.

Many are the tricks the amateur can perform if the magic bug once bites him. There are elaborate apparatus-tricks, labeled by the trade as "gimmicks." He can seemingly dye handkerchiefs before his public's eyes. He can pull rabbits or pigeons out of hats.

If he's ambitious, he may even reach the ecstatic pinnacle of waving an elephant out of existence.

The Magic Show Book. By Alexander the Magician. (New York: Macmillan; $1.75.) 145 pages.

THIRD DIMENSION: Flat Canvas Bent and Tucked by Painter to Convey Depth

When Robert Blickenderfer sits down to paint these days, he chucks all rules of painting out the window. With an invention of his own, he has imposed new restrictions that apparently throw all past laws into the discard.

The thirty-year-old painter has come closer to three-dimensional painting than any artist in all the thousands of years of history. *Via* the old maxim—necessity mothering invention—Blickenderfer has hit on a phase of expression more brow-raising than the wildest surrealist dream-picture.

In an attempt to convey a feeling of depth on flat canvas, he was defied by the limitations artists face when confronted with translating three dimensions into two. "I realized there was something inadequate about the whole business," he explains. "Finally, it dawned on me that any picture on a flat canvas, framed and hung on a wall, was going to appear, not as a whole scene, but more like a window in that wall."

Vision—Blickenderfer, on the trail of something definite, decided the gap lay in the fact that no picture, no matter how large it was, could occupy more than a small fraction of the full range of human vision. He started bending and tucking the top and bottom of a flat canvas into a semicircular plane and, instead of getting a distortion, he was close to his long-sought missing dimension.

By painting on the inside half of a hollow globe, and ignoring all the past conceptions of parallels, perspective, horizontals and verticals, Blickenderfer had a painting that not only appeared not to be flat, but that actually had more than height and depth.

Pictures, Inc.

Three-dimensional effects obtained by application of mathematics to art . . .

Blickenderfer constructed his own hollow, spherical interiors by making a plaster circular mold and casting *papier-mâché* globes from that. The half-circles, eighteen inches in diameter, give him plenty of room to paint—approximately fourteen square feet of paintable surface. So far, he has completed five entirely different types of pictures and found his discovery suitable to every medium, including portraiture.

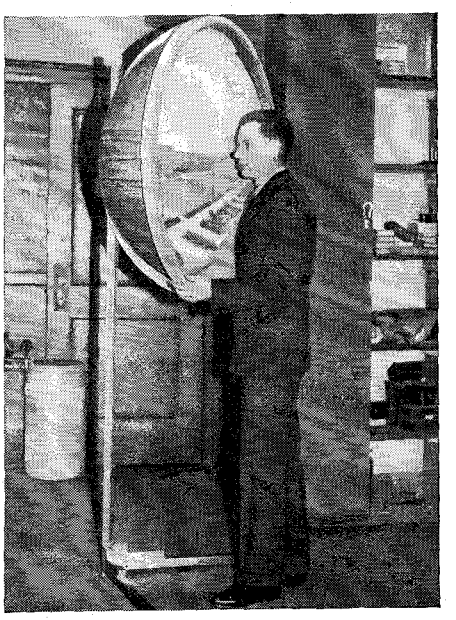
The semicircles, after they are painted, are mounted on a hollow brass upright tubing that allows the globe to slide up and down to any height, to suit the focal point of differences in vision.

No Frames—As to the decorative value of his inventions, Blickenderfer has little doubt. "True, they can't be framed," he admits, "but they can be made more a part of the decorative scheme of a room than other, ordinary canvases."

Altho he has not patented his idea, Blickenderfer knows of no one who has tried his invention. Not that he has lacked enthusiastic support and praise from artists in various parts of the country. "But, actually, it takes some sort of a mathematician to paint this way," he says.

Blickenderfer studied art under some of the country's outstanding teachers at the Art Students' League in New York. He never has had an exhibition, because what painting he has done has been wedged in between amateur photography and a full-time job as staff artist for a New York newspaper. When he completes six more of his new canvases, he hopes to have a show.

"Then," he says, "watch the fur fly!"



Pictures, Inc.

make Robert Blickenderfer's semispherical paintings outstanding and revolutionary

Religion

RECTOR'S BANS: Bishop's Son Asks Twenty-Eight Questions Before Marriage Ceremonies

In the quiet of his parish-house study, the Rev. Frederic C. Lawrence, Rector of St. Peter's Church, Cambridge, Massachusetts, often reflected upon the tragic partings of so many young married couples today. The conviction grew in him that one of the chief causes of this was a lack of premarital understanding. Young folks had not given proper thought to their obligations.

But inquiry disclosed that many an altar-bound boy and girl, while desirous of considering their future, did not always know what to consider.

So the Rev. Mr. Lawrence, six-foot, square-shouldered second son of Massachusetts' famed Bishop William Lawrence, drew up a list of twenty-eight questions to cover these considerations. Having proffered them to numerous couples now married happily, he believes they present a bulwark against possible disaster because they bring into the open, in advance of irrevocable steps, some of the conflicts which may develop later.

Personally, he says, he never marries a couple on fewer than five-days' notice and always reserves the right to talk to their parents.

Here is the questionnaire, which, published last week in *The Living Church*, a leading organ of the Protestant Episcopal Church, already has attracted wide attention among the clergy:

SECURITY

1. Do you both know what your total income will be?
2. Do you expect it to continue as it is, increase, or diminish?
3. How much of this income will be spent in starting housekeeping, your wedding, or paying off debts?
4. Have you budgeted your income so that you know how much you will need for rent, food, fuel, clothing, doctors, recreation, "good-will" (that is, hospitality, gifts, donations, club dues, *etc.*), and savings?
5. How much can you afford to put aside for sickness, for increasing overhead expenses, for children, for education?
6. Have you any relatives who are, or might become, wholly or temporarily dependent on you? Does the other realize this?

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INTERESTS

7. What interests have you in common? Have you considered how you will develop them?
8. What separate interests, hobbies, or obligations have you which might take time (evenings and holidays) or money from what you might otherwise spend together? Have you considered together the continuation of these activities?

PARENTS AND IN-LAWS

9. Are either of you overdependent on your parents or inconsiderate of them or of your in-laws?
10. Is there any feeling of tension with parents or in-laws which could be cleared up at this time with a friendly, frank talk?
11. Does either of you feel restrained by the other one in carrying out what you feel are your rightful and loving obligations to your own family?
12. Are there any particular circumstances of sickness, loneliness, or isolation that will necessitate either of you being with your parents a great deal? If so, does the other realize this?
13. Are conditions such that at any time you might have to live with relatives or they with you? If so, do you both understand this?

RELIGION

14. Have you ever talked together of your ideas of God?
15. Are you a Christian? What does it mean to be a Christian?
16. Do you find reality in prayer?
17. Will you start, with your marriage, an adventure in prayer beginning with prayer together the night that you are married and learning more of it continually together?
18. Are you members of the same church?
19. Does the church meet your spiritual need?
20. What part will the Holy Communion and the worship of the church play in your lives?
21. If you are not members of the same church have you seriously studied each other's religion to find out if you might unite on one church? Or, have you counted the cost of a divided loyalty and intelligently faced it?

PERSONAL

22. Is there anything in the life of either of you which you have concealed, or intended to conceal from the other?
23. Is there anything in marriage which you fear?—yourself, the finality of marriage, fear of each other, fear of having children, or of any of the physical aspects of marriage?
24. Is there any information which you do not possess, and feel you should have before you are married?
25. Have you, to your own knowledge, any disease, or likelihood of disease, which might affect your future? Have you seen a reliable doctor in regard to this?

THE SERVICE

26. Have you read the service, so that you know what you are to promise?
27. Have you planned your wedding as you, yourselves, wish it, so that you will always cherish the memory of it?
28. Have you considered others, particularly your parents and relatives, in deciding who will be present at it?

Press

SAVORY SAGE: There's Vitriol and Salt in Editorials That Made "Bill" White Famous

Two-score years ago, a short, red-haired young man wrote an editorial for the Emporia (Kan.) *Gazette:*

"The new Editor hopes to live here until he is the old Editor . . . in the meantime, I shall hustle advertising, job-work and subscriptions and write editorials and 'telegraph' twelve hours a day, in spite of my ideals. The path of glory is barred hog-tight for the man who does not labor while he waits."

W. A. White

This week, the Kansas Editor is the old Editor—famed William Allen White—and his fraternity* brother, Russell H. Fitzgibbon, brings out a book "Forty Years on Main Street" (Farrar and Rinehart: $3) bringing together the editorials that have made "Bill" White famous. He's still short, but he's round, white-haired and has a small, pinkish bald spot.

The quick-stepping figure of the sixty-eight-year-old Editor is a familiar sight on Emporia's Main Street. Hand-shaking Kansans are a friendly folk — perhaps that's why the word "people" appears so often in *Gazette* editorials.

He dictates them nowadays—at a cluttered desk, where clippings, letters and books are piled. His secretary, Mrs. Minnie Yearout, gives him the typed copy to correct, then he corrects the galley-proof and often edits the revised proof with his big red fountain pen.

Model—But in 1895, when "Bill" White bought *The Gazette* with $3,000 he had borrowed, he had to pound them out himself. That first editorial, on his policies and politics, is a model in journalism schools, but it attracted little attention then. He was writing news-stories, too (and still does, scorning not even a three-line "local"), and he had to make the business side of the paper pay, just as did Ed Howe, "the Sage of Potato Hill," over in Atchison, Kansas.

Then, as Compiler Fitzgibbon writes, "fate dealt the Editor a handful of aces and kings when it moved his vitriolic pen to write an iron diatribe against Populist fallacies, which he left with a batch of other editorials on his departure for Colorado.

"'What's the Matter With Kansas?' flashed across the press of the country like a brilliant meteor during the bitter McKinley-Bryan campaign. Mr. White returned to Emporia to find *The Gazette's* reputation national and himself in demand as a political writer for magazines."

Despite fame, and friendship with Mark Hanna, "Bill" White (no one in Emporia would ever call him "Mr.") remained a small-town Editor. He wrote short stories and novels,** he traveled, he became a "voice" in politics, but he always wrote after his name "from Emporia" and he always kept working, writing Republican editorials.

Crusader—A few times White bolted the Party and gradually he "went down the road to Damascus and saw the Great

*Phi Delta Theta.
** "A Certain Rich Man," "In the Heart of a Fool."

FRED, YOU STAGE HANDS SURE KNOW YOUR SHAVING. SINCE YOU ADVISED ME TO USE GILLETTE BLADES IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR MY FACE FEELS GREAT
THAT'S BECAUSE WE WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
GILLETTE BLADE
GILLETTE RAZOR

A New Shaving Thrill Awaits You

—when you use the blade that was made for your razor

Days seem brighter when you start them off with an "All-Gillette" shave. That means using a Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor—the shaving combination that is world-famous for comfort.

The Gillette Razor and the Gillette Blade are *made for each other*. Every detail in their manufacture is planned to make them work perfectly together. That's the secret of the better results you get when you shave the "All-Gillette" way.

Amazingly Sharp Edges

Giant four-ton sharpeners, as delicately adjustable as fine watch-making machinery, finish Gillette Blades to microscopic perfection. Honing wheels of exclusive design, giving 50 times the results of old methods, produce shaving edges of almost unbelievable sharpness.

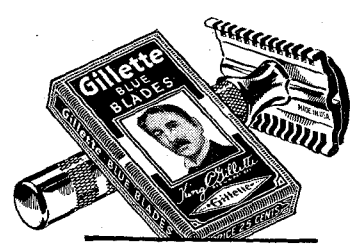
In fact, so keen are these shaving edges that they are actually *invisible* to the naked eye — their sharpness can be measured only by a beam of light cast by a special photo-electric tester.

Here's Convincing Test

If you are using other make blades in your Gillette Razor and want to experience a new shaving thrill, buy a package of Gillette Blades today. Slip one into your Gillette Razor tomorrow and start the day with the most comfortable of shaves.

Reputable merchants never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Always ask for them by name!

Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program—CBS Network—Coast to Coast—Sunday nights—10 P. M., E. S. T.



Gillette Blades

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celebrating her world-renowned MUSICAL MAY FESTIVAL, reviving, to cite but a few from the choice and varied program of musical dramas and comedies, Verdi's "Luisa Miller" and "Othello", Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex", Rossini's "Il Signor Bruschino", Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro", and presenting for the first time, staged in the natural setting of the Boboli Gardens, Pirandello's last play, "The Giants of the Mountains".

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Light," as he called it: changing from a defender of "vested rights" and the "right to hold a million" to a kind of liberal crusader. He became a spokesman of the first Roosevelt, of Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt. (Last fall, he supported Governor Landon as Kansan and "practical liberal.")

But politics and giving the working man a greater share in America were not his only editorial interests. Such things as modern petting-parties made subjects for editorials (he said parking in an automobile was no worse than in a buggy).

A town drunkard, a girl in trouble, married couples who quarreled, women who didn't brown the gravy enough—all were subjects for the homely, pungent, sometimes lusty pen of the Emporia "father confessor." Once he even wrote that his own chubby face wasn't inspiring—"it looks like a rear view of Cupid, taken from another exposure."

When his daughter died, he wrote a famous editorial. It began:

"The Associated Press reports carrying the news of Mary White's death declared that it came as the result of a fall from a horse. How she would have hooted at that! She never fell from a horse in her life."

Phrases—Other things he wrote on homely and big subjects helped earn him a reputation as a phrasemaker:

"Women's place in politics is about four feet from the kitchen sink."

"I shall probably have to stand up against the wall and be shot as a conservative when the radicals come in, but that's all right. It has been a lot of fun getting to the wall."

"This Nation will survive, this State will prosper, the orderly business of life will go forward if only men can speak in whatever way given them to utter what their hearts hold."

When White was put on the black list of the Daughters of the American Revolution, following his campaign for the Governorship and against the Kuklux Klan, he wrote of a woman who attacked him:

"Mrs. Brousseau is a lovely lady with many beautiful qualities of heart and mind, but in her enthusiasm she has allowed several lengths of Kuklux nightie to show under her Red, White and Blue."

His editorial forthrightness never has left him. One time he wrote in defense of unmarried mothers, a beautiful piece that showed his familiarity with the Bible—as does much of "Bill" White's writing.

Gleanings—Going through the files of *The Gazette*, Fitzgibbon found many an editorial that had little effect on world events, but may have guided just one or two individuals. One was about a lost dog "with liver-colored ears and dark, intelligent eyes." Another was just a personal remark or two about reaching his sixty-fifth birthday—with the information that the Nation's most famous small-town Editor shaves every Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday!

The compiler, who has known White for many years, spent several of them gathering material for the book, getting "Bill" to write comments on some of the editorials. Some of them are critical of the young White, his callowness and his harsh views toward people. To-day, White calls himself a "decayed conservative," but he maintains that "intelligent discontent" is the best American trait.

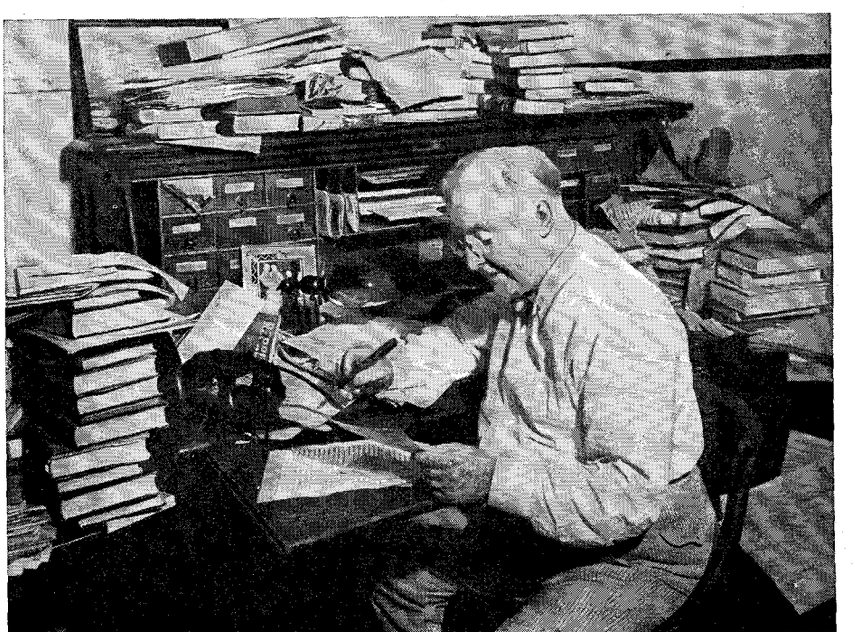
He calls his own editorials "epistles." "They're all in the family." With a very Whiteish twinkle (a girl reporter once described him as "kewpielike"), he explained:

"In a small American community (Emporia has 15,000 inhabitants), the relation of an Editor to his readers (he has 6,000 in Emporia, ninety newspapers in a syndicate) is partly pastoral. Often I wear in my pulpit the cap and pantaloons rather than the stock and frock. My tendency to giggle has made me undependable in crises."

But "Bill" White is unpredictable. His Managing Editor, Frank Clough, says: "When the boss uses phrases like 'cross-eyed, four-armed oarsman,' he's feeling pretty good."

Genesis—"Bill" White started out on Main Street, for he was born at Emporia in 1868. Altho the town was small and wooden sidewalks (if any) stretched along muddy streets now paved for automobiles, many of the families he knew then still are in town.

But "Bill's" father moved to Eldorado,



Wide World

"Bill" White, chubby, genial Editor, works at a perpetually cluttered desk . . . his editorials in The Emporia Gazette have made him nationally famous

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where White got his first management job on *The Republican* at $18 a week, leaving the University of Kansas to do it. A little later he wrote politics for the famed Kansas City *Star*, but Emporia called him again, and he bought *The Gazette*.

Being a Main Street type when it was the fashion, about a decade ago, to howl catcalls at anything small-townish or "folksy," White gave no quarter. One time H. L. Mencken lashed out with an attack on the "Bible Belt," said it was "inhabited by stupid yokels, two-thirds of whom are benighted and miserable, uncivilized barbarians; preyed upon by two gangs of grafters, professional politicians of a peculiarly vicious type and crossroads ecclesiastics who are even worse."

"Bill" was asked his opinion.

Retort—"I read that very closely. I am very fond of old Henry Mencken . . . Henry is the top-sergeant of all the literary drill-masters. It is his job to hang up his 'Bible-Belt' dummy and to snarl and show his teeth and roar while he jabs his bayonet into the dummy's belly for the instruction and edification of the recruits."

Defending the small town, being a good citizen in his own bailiwick and writing much-quoted editorials and best-selling books isn't all William Allen White does. He has come to epitomize the "personal journalism" of to-day—now that "giants" such as Horace Greeley, Charles A. Dana and James Gordon Bennett are gone. None but small-town publishers, unless it be columnists, can lay claim nowadays to the mantle of individual editorship and community leadership.

"Tramp-printer" used to be synonymous with "drunk," altho few tramp-printers are left in these days of high-speed presses and linotypes. One day Walt Mason, a printer-poet, wandered into Emporia, eventually into *The Gazette's* office. He met Mr. White, who "made a man of him," as the story goes. Later, Mason wrote it for a big magazine.

Home—The Whites live in a big, rambling house—built of sandstone from the Garden of the Gods in Colorado. Half the walls in the house are covered with walnut bookcases—some of the books are rarities.

The rest of the house has been filled with antiques, ancient clocks, chairs, beds, sofas, brass and pewter ware, rare old glass and table ware and rugs, by Sally White, who is almost as important a person to *The Gazette* as "Bill." She knows every employee of the paper, she watches for news-items, often writes them up herself. Naturally, she's Mr. White's chief counselor.

At the White dinner-table have sat Presidents Theodore Roosevelt, Taft and Hoover; also, many literary personages.

"Bill's" son, "Bill, Jr.," looks like his father, but he's taller, more stalwart. He works on *The Gazette*, too—practically runs it when his father's away.

By-Line—When Knute Rockne crashed to his death in an air-plane near Emporia, the Kansas City *Star* and other papers throughout the country wired William Allen White for the story. "Old Bill" was ill and taking it easy. So "Young Bill" wrote the story and signed his name to it. "But the Editors changed it and put my name to it," said White, "because they thought that made it more interesting. Bill can write as well as I can, any day."

Emporia is an exceptionally friendly town, even for the Midwest, but when William Allen White first went there, a regular feud was raging . . . one of the

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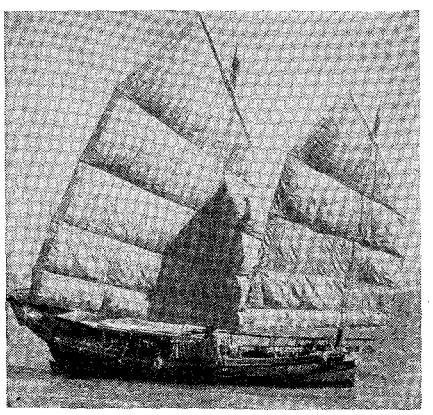

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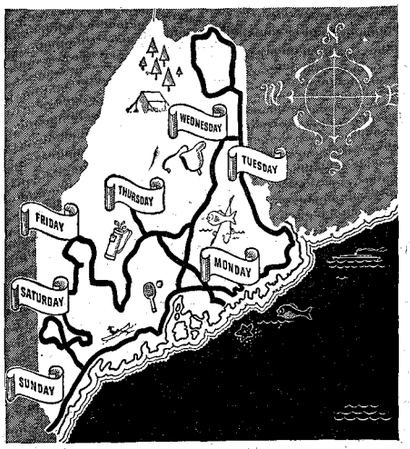

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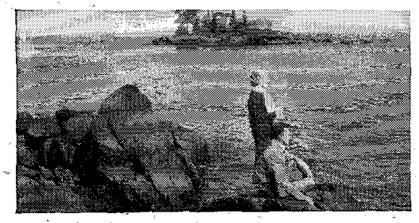

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Says William Allen White

In response to a query by THE LITERARY DIGEST, *the famous Kansas Editor made this statement:*

Forty-two years ago, the Emporia *Gazette* occupied a floor-space of twenty-five by sixty feet. The machinery could have been bought for $1,000. The pay-roll was $45 a week. The highest salary paid went to the foreman—$15 a week. The circulation was just under 5,000. In all these things *The Gazette* in 1895 was typical of the American small-town daily. Any young man with $500 in cash and a good line of talk to establish credit at the type-foundry could start a paper in any American country town under 50,000.

I was a printer, and when I walked in the front door of *The Gazette*, its owner, I could do everything that I asked any other person to do, from sweeping out to writing editorials and talking the banker into allowing my overdraft to stay. By everything, I mean everything—setting type, feeding the press, reporting, keeping books, selling advertising, hustling subscriptions.

All these things, I have done. To-day, when I cross the threshold of the composing-room, or go into the press-room, I am a stranger to every process in the printing-trade. The machine age has scrapped me in my own trade. Only at my typewriter do I retain the skill of my youth to earn a living.

To-day, the floor-space of *The Gazette* is fifty by 130. Moreover, so quickly and so completely has capital and the machine age transformed the newspaper business that to compete with me or any country-town paper in any town in America over 10,000, the aspiring young editor would have to have $75,000 worth of machinery and above that, capital enough to sustain a pay-roll from $1,000 to $1,500 a week until he got on his feet.

I bought my paper, good-will, machinery and all for $3,000. I could have had ten times that much for it. I wouldn't sell it for a quarter of a million to-day, considering its earning-power. This is true of any good country paper in any American country town of from 5,000 to 25,000. *The Gazette* is typical.

Thus has capital and the machine age worked the miracle of change in a calling which once was a profession and now is an industry. Yet, what has been done by capital and the machine age in the newspaper office has been duplicated in the country-town dry-goods store, in the railway-division shops, in the town's wholesale houses, in the telephone office, in the light plant, in the hotel—in every branch of human endeavor.

Investments have multiplied by ten. Skills have changed. Capital has crowded out the rugged individual and a different kind of brains now are needed, with a new survival value from those necessary for survival forty years ago.

This is the American industrial revolution—peaceful, but potent—and it is still in its early stages.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

worst town-feuds in Kansas. The Rev. John H. J. Rice, Police Judge in Emporia, once told about it:

"Bill kept at that thing, smoothing it out, until now there isn't a vestige of a feud in this town."

Social Science

MIDDLETOWN: "Typical American City," Muncie, Indiana, Has Changed Little in Decade

Thirteen years ago, two young New York sociologists set out across the country to find a "typical American city" which was to be dissected for a thesis for a Columbia University doctorate. They settled on a Midwestern industrial center of 35,000 where they spent a year and a half investigating. The city was Muncie, Indiana.

Soon they found they had something bigger than a thesis topic. In January, 1929, Robert S. Lynd and his wife, Helen Merrell Lynd, unobtrusively published their conclusions in a 550-page book, "Middletown—A Study in Contemporary Culture." Before long, money-mad America awoke to the fact that here was its own portrait. For "Middletown" cut clean through the slogans of Babbittry to the bare cross-section of America's life and thought.

Two years ago, Lynd, now Professor of Social Sciences at Columbia, decided to return to Muncie, see how much water had gone under the municipal bridge in the passing decade, write two chapters to a revised "Middletown." Alone this time, he stayed a year, departed with so much material that he promptly decided upon a new book rather than a revision.

Bracer—This week, the Lynds' 600-page study of *Middletown* through boom and depression, "Middletown in Transition," was published by Harcourt, Brace & Company. As in 1929, Muncie, Indiana, braced itself for its ordeal as national municipal guinea-pig.

Last week, Mayor Rollin H. Bunch, unable to obtain an advance copy, nevertheless reflected Muncie's revised attitude:

"We think we are a typical city of typical Americans. We do not mind being in the nation's spotlight. In fact, we have many accomplishments of which we are very proud. We have a city of contented employees and employers. If Doctor Lynd finds any glaring faults, we will try to eliminate them. Perhaps he also will find many things which may be of value to other cities. We know we have a good city, a city which we are proud to call home. Come back again, Doctor Lynd. We have enjoyed your study."

And, if *Middletown*, America, doesn't "enjoy" the study, it can at least see itself therein rushing headlong back into the same unsettled caldron from which only recently it escaped miraculously whole. For *Middletown's* cultural structure, tho it endured many jolts and needed new parts during the depression years that followed the unprecedented boom, basically is the same to-day, the Lynds report, as it was in 1925, when they first found it contentedly speeding nowhere in its new automobiles.

Grins—As then, *Middletown* business men are smiling booster smiles, trying to make more money, buy bigger cars (lately the mode has turned to horses), keep up with the *Joneses*. They think American business "the best in the world," are intensely suspicious of all the innovations of public relief, Federal centralization, social legislation, government interference with business—tho they clutched at them desperately during the depression years.

Good times are to them "normal" times; bad ones, a rough spot in the unwavering road to progress, merely to be endured. *Middletown* business tells itself that the changes economic necessity compelled them to countenance were "purely temporary and emergency." As in 1925, *Middletown* still refuses to face facts, prefers to sloganize them.

Down "under our vests," however, business still is pretty shaky, feels acutely the

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need for real leadership. And cushioning a Sinclair Lewis fiction with facts, Doctor Lynd shows that "it can happen here," that if a dictator were a business man ("one of us"), *Middletown* might gladly follow him.

Unsound?—*Middletown* in transition still believes, as *Middletown* did, that the way to get ahead is to start at the bottom and work up, but Doctor Lynd says realities prove that this Andrew Carnegie advice no longer is sound. Few laborers can hope to advance to the rank of foreman, which to-day spells tops for them. Even that job is being usurped rapidly by college and technical-school men to whom it represents "the bottom."

A mass of semiskilled labor, working at 43 cents an hour, is replacing the skilled workers, yet labor is still unorganized in *Middletown*, except for a few minor craft-unions. This, despite social legislation favoring labor and a growing power of the working class. *Middletown* still is an "open-shop" town—and proud of it. Laborers are afraid to risk their jobs by joining a union in face of ruthless opposition of business bossed at every turn by the powerful "*X* family" (the Balls, manufacturers of Mason jars), whom Doctor Lynd called *Middletown's* "royal family."

Conformity still is the rule in *Middletown*. The accepted business man "is the kind of a person to whom many things are 'all right in theory, but not in practise,'" Doctor Lynd shows. "He should be married, have children and be a church member, a lodge-man . . . and a member of a civic club. . . . He is a person who is practical and positive, not a dreamer or questioner; one who is genial, friendly, 'one of us.' And he must share *Middletown's* essential civic loyalty and optimism."

Caesar's Wife—His wife, tho transition has put more and more *Middletown* married women into business and professional occupations, ought not to work. She should "not be too intelligent, too witty, too aggressive and independent, too critical or too different."

Concepts of church, home and school have varied little since *Middletown* was a straggling county seat in the 'eighties. Yet, social customs are shifting rapidly, especially among the younger people and upper classes. Since 1925, the Lynds have found *Middletowners* franker about sex, tho the subject is not permitted to be taught in schools; engaging in more premarital experience and infidelity; drinking more beer and hard liquor, tho the W.C.T.U. is strong.

The automobile is *Middletown's* most essential piece of personal property. Filling-stations lost the least business of any line in *Middletown*. But there is less aimless driving about and depression economy has forced a return to more informality in entertaining, a new interest in "fixing up the back yard," more reading, and—with Federal money—more free public opportunities for leisure, such as swimming-pools and concerts.

Yet, *Middletown* thinks it is the same, looks eagerly to the day when it will be just as it was in the halcyon 'twenties. Watching its defensive refusal to accept the possibility that its culture might have been the cause of its depression suffering, Doctor Lynd was reminded of Tawney's characterization of the ruling class in Europe after the French Revolution (and this is Lynd's last sentence): ". . . they walked reluctantly backwards into the future, lest a worse thing should befall them."

Topics in Brief

While the Administration goes ahead the Government goes behind.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

Nowhere in the foreign news is found a report of any nation preparing for peace.—*Troy (N. Y.) Record.*

With all the publicity it's getting, seems like the Constitution should be a best-seller.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

That baseball fight in Tampa was a little too strenuous, even for a publicity stunt.—*Portland (Me.) Express.*

Stalin demands the merciless extermination of all his enemies. Russia seems to be leaving its Marx.—*Dallas News.*

There are Italians and Germans to-day who know how the Hessians felt when they were sold overseas.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Treasury is getting plenty of exercise these days galloping to the rescue of falling government bonds.—*Wichita (Kan.) Eagle.*

Those chaplains who pray daily for the Senate and House might say a word for the taxpayers occasionally.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

The Nation may be at the crossroads, but it usually is the individual between intersections who gets bumped off.—*Detroit Free Press.*

We still have a representative Government. The only difference is that one representative now does it all.—*Savannah (Ga.) News.*

Now that some new magazines are running entirely to pictures, we may soon eliminate the reading-courses in schools.—*Miami Herald.*

Kansas, which can now, too, drink beer legally, is going to have a difficult time determining whether it tastes any different.—*Wichita Eagle.*

The guarantee of free speech is a great blessing. All we need now is some way to guarantee its quality.—*Knickerbocker Press (Albany, N. Y.).*

Letting the tie crawl out of his vest can be accepted as a democratic gesture on the part of the ex-King.—*Jack Warwick in Toledo Blade.*

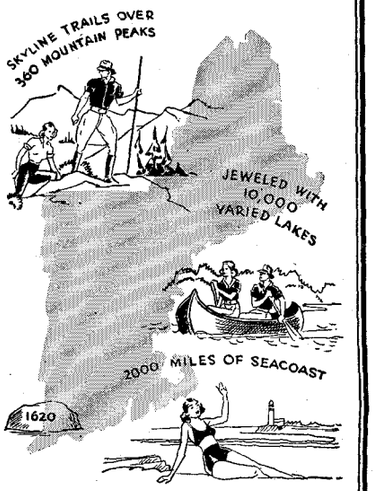
The trailer idea has made a combination hard to beat. Some of them drive a tin can and live out of one, too.—*Carey Williams in Atlanta Georgian.*

Those who have won their points in Kansas, after fifty years, are about to learn that 3.2 beer is strictly a moral victory.—*H. V. Wade in Detroit News.*

Neither of the two lion cubs born to a one-time house pet of General Goering is the kitty in the game the Nazi Air Minister is playing. Both have velvet paws.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Anything can happen in the United States. Didn't they recently pull in Clyde Beatty, who enters a cage with twenty wild beasts, on a charge of cruelty to the animals!—*H. I. Phillips in Philadelphia Inquirer.*

FUNorama OF NEW ENGLAND



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RUGGER, FAST FOOTBALL WITH NO PRO

British Game from "Tom Brown's" School Is Back in U. S.

Fame, not fortune, awaits the inventive genius who concocts a sure-cure formula for purging American college football of its most widely-publicized taint: professionalism.

Paradoxically, if the formula ever is worked out, it probably will contain most of the ingredients discovered by the spectacular American game's lusty grandfather: Britain's Rugby football.

From Heath Road headquarters of The Rugby Football Union at Twickenham (on the Thames), England, to playing-fields in Australia, the amateur version of the 114-year-old game, which is as traditional as roast beef, possibly is the world's most strictly unprofessionalized sport.

Partly because they approve of its rigid amateurism, mainly because they have found it more fun than football, an ever-increasing number of American undergraduates (and alumni) have taken up Rugger. This week, midway through their ninth regular season, pioneers in this country are convinced their transplanted game is no fad, but a definite fixture in the American sports scene.

Comeback—Rugby's current invasion of the United States by no means is its first appearance here. After its evolution, in the 'seventies, into what is American football, the game reappeared on the Pacific Coast between 1905 and 1910. It faded fast when Far Western colleges hopped aboard the football band-wagon.

Now, Rugger is staging a healthy comeback along the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards, altho it still is virtually unknown in the Midwest and South.

The mounting popularity of the game in the East is entirely due to missionary work started, informally, by a handful of Britons who, in 1929, formed the New York Rugby Club, first of ten clubs operating under the egis of the Eastern Rugby Union, organized in 1934.

The Eastern Rugby Union has adopted, part and parcel, all by-laws and regulations enforced abroad by the sixty-six-year-old British organization. Without attempting to "control" member clubs, the E.R.U. is insistent that the game be played according to Hoyle and determined that it shall not fall into the hands of promoters.

As in other British sports, informality is the key-note in Rugby football. Strict training-regulations are out. Practise sessions usually mean pick-up games rather than long, bruising drills on tackling or blocking. Most American football-players who have tried it think Rugger more fun than their own game.

Action—Except for the fact that both entail kicking, passing and running with the ball, Rugby and American football are miles apart. A game is split into four periods of fifteen minutes each, with a half-hour intermission between halves. In time-outs and between plays, a player gets frequent rest-periods during quarters.

Not so in Rugger. For thirty-five minutes after the starting-whistle, action is continuous. Except for injuries, there is no time out. Then, after a five-minute rest between halves, the boys go at it again for another thirty-five minutes.

A Rugby team has fifteen players, as compared with football's eleven. But Rugby rules do not permit substitutions. If a man is so badly hurt he can't continue play, his team keeps on without him.

Serious injuries, incidentally, are far less frequent in Rugger than in football. In football, team-mates form interference for the man carrying the ball and often wreak considerable physical havoc when "blocking" would-be tacklers.

There isn't any blocking in Rugby. When the man carrying the ball is tackled, he throws it to a team-mate. But he always must pass laterally or backward. Never forward. Consequently, his team-mates can not run ahead of him as interference.

Rugby tackling, too, is less dangerous. The idea is to get your man high, pinning his arms so as to mess up his pass to a team-mate. A football-player is taught to hold on to the ball when tackled. A Rugby man quickly learns to get rid of it. If he doesn't, the other team will kick at it, and him, until they pry the ball loose.

Unlike football, yardage gained doesn't mean a thing.

The ball keeps going up and down the 100-yard field until somebody carries it over the goal-line for a "try" (three points) or drop-kicks it over the goal-posts (four points).

As after a touch-down (six points) in football, the scoring team gets a chance to kick the ball over the goal-posts for extra points after making a "try." A successful touch-down conversion counts one point; a Rugby "try" conversion counts two.

The one other way of scoring in Rugby is on a penalty-goal kicked from placement. It's worth three points.

Most interesting feature of Rugby is a business known as "scrummage." When the ball becomes dead, forwards on both teams form a circle, with their arms around one another's shoulders, their heads bent, as in a football huddle.

The ball then is thrown into the tangle of feet and both sides try to kick it backward and out of the "scrum" to a waiting team-mate, a shin-barking process known as "heeling" or "hooking." When the "scrum-half" retrieves the ball, he passes it obliquely to another team-mate and the running is on again.

Unarmored—To avoid "cauliflower ears" sometimes developed in the close contact of scrummages, some players wear skeleton head-guards. Aside from that, the boys wear no protective armor at all. Regulation uniform is a jersey, shorts, stockings rolled below the knee and leather-cleated shoes.

A football-team plans every move, executing a regular series of plays it has practised for hours during the week. But in a Rugby game, every play seems a sudden inspiration. Consequently, action is not only faster but far more confusing than in football.

Rugby's appeal to the American spectator, therefore, is considerably less than that of football, an aspect which probably will assist its supporters in this country in their determination to keep the game free of big-money associations.

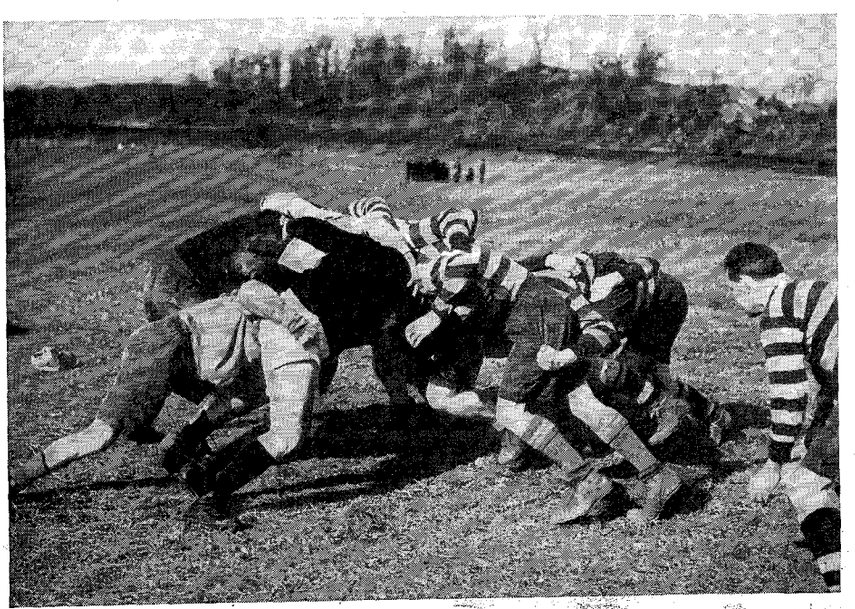
Under the strict regulations borrowed from the British Rugby Football Union, players and teams operating under guidance of the E.R.U. in this country couldn't get very far with professionalism, anyway. Here, as abroad, the Union is determined to bend over backward, if necessary, to preserve the Simon-pure rating of the game.

"Comer"—A man, for example, violates amateur regulations simply by knowingly playing against a professional or against a player or club suspended from the Union, even tho he hasn't received any money. Among other things, a club is branded professional if it pays its coach or trainer.

Lacking the obvious enticements contributing vastly to football's tremendous popularity in this country, Rugby is a "comer" mainly because of its appeal to the players.

At Oxford, where he went as a Rhodes scholar, George Pfann, All-American quarter-back at Cornell nine years ago, played Rugby.

He liked it better than football, even



The New York Rugby Club's "scrum" waits for the "hooker" to heel the ball

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tho he won only a "half-Blue," corresponding to substitute rating.

"Rugger is a lot more fun than our game for the player," he told George Trevor, writing for *Sports Illustrated*.

"Few boys enjoy the savage body contact which American football requires. The ban on blocking is enough in itself to make Rugger more fun.

"You don't have to submit to a rigorous practise ordeal in Rugby.

"I got bored with the long work-outs and signal rehearsals they sent us through daily at Cornell.

"Another thing—most kids like to kick a ball, and Rugby puts the emphasis on the foot which is gradually vanishing from our game.

"Rugger-players think nothing of kicking a field-goal on the dead run or punting the ball into 'touch' while galloping up the field."

One kid who didn't prefer kicking the ball to running with it was William Webb Ellis. In 1823, Ellis was playing in an interclass game at England's famed Rugby School, where Thomas Hughes's *Tom Brown* studied. The ball bounded into his arms. Instead of kicking it, as any other Rugbyan would have done, Ellis tucked it comfortably under his arm and set out for the enemy goal-line.

Amid profound silence, he crossed the goal-line, and was promptly bawled out by his captain for "unsportsmanlike conduct."

But his originality never was forgotten. Instead, in 1860, running with the ball became a distinct feature of the game which was named, in honor of his school, Rugby football.

SPORT SHOTS

As sixteen major-league baseball teams last week awaited opening of the 1937 season, Attorney General Homer S. Cummings spiked efforts of Rep. Raymond J. Cannon of Wisconsin to obtain prosecution of club-owners for alleged violation of the antitrust laws.

Cannon, who maintains that ball-players are virtual slaves of the owners, contended the reserve clause in player-contracts forbidding the athletes from peddling their services to other clubs is illegal.

Citing a 1922 Supreme Court decision which held that major-league teams are not engaged in interstate commerce, therefore not subject to antitrust laws, Attorney General Cummings told Cannon there is no basis for prosecution.

* * *

In Cornell University's drill-hall at Ithaca, New York, last week, Ellsworth Vines defeated Frederick J. Perry, 4-6, 6-1, 8-6, in their forty-second match for the "professional tennis championship of the world." Vines leads in the series, 22 to 20.

* * *

While the Illinois State Racing Commission last week strengthened rules concerning saliva-tests of thoroughbreds for the season opening on May 1, Treasury Department chemists in Washington announced that methods for determining the presence of narcotics in race-horses have been made 100 times more effective in the last two years.

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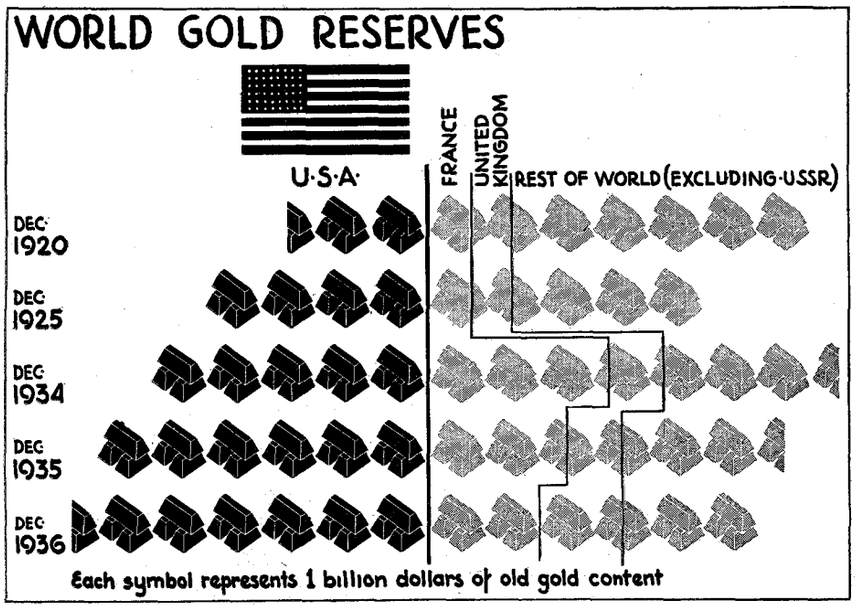
UNWANTED GOLD FLOOD HARRIES U. S.

Treasury Purchases of Metal Swell Mounting New Deal Deficit



Literary Digest Chart

The world's gold steadily pours into America, where it is unwanted

To find a nation that complained it had too much gold a decade ago was as easy as finding a child that cried because it had too much candy.

To-day, America is such a nation. Our historic $11,600,000,000 gold hoard (40 per cent. of the world's monetary gold stocks) harries the New Deal Administration with what is probably its thorniest immediate problem. The continuing cascade of the yellow metal from abroad—$78,000,000 last week—alarms Treasury officials, speeds the day when they must erect economic dikes to stem the flood.

Why all the to-do? Isn't gold synonymous with wealth?

The answer lies partly in a seemingly unrelated announcement last week that the Treasury is renewing its borrowings at the rate of $50,000,000 a week. The Treasury is borrowing, for one thing, because it needs funds with which to buy gold.

Sterilization—As every one now knows, all gold, whether mined in this country or imported, must be sold to the Treasury. Prior to December, the Treasury paid for it with certificates deposited in the Federal Reserve Banks. Thus every batch of the yellow metal that came to America increased our bank-deposits in direct proportion to the value of the gold. It wasn't long before Treasury officials began to fear that incoming gold would expand banks' lending power beyond the point of safety and set the stage for a runaway boom and subsequent collapse.

So the Treasury evolved the ingenious sterilization scheme, prevented the gold from entering the credit base of the country by paying for the gold with money borrowed from the banks rather than with gold certificates. This gold the Treasury set aside in an inactive fund where it could do no harm to our credit system.

Thus the Treasury now dips into its cash balances or borrows at the banks, buys gold at $35 an ounce, buries it in vaults at Fort Knox, Kentucky, because it has no other use for it. For their gold, Europeans, Chinese, and even Hindus receive American purchasing power in the form of incoming-bearing securities, commodities.

Dilemma—Which is bad enough. But worse still, the Treasury by last week had been forced to spend more than $450,000,000 to put incoming gold out of harm's way. Here was the rub!

The budget is out of kilter: Government bonds have toppled. Yet the harassed Treasury has to spend what may total $2,000,000,000 a year on gold for which it now not only has no need, but which is potentially embarrasing as well.

To observers, it seemed inevitable that the Treasury soon would have to do something about gold.

Still, last week, no one could say what America would actually do. Study of most proposals revealed that the cures were worse than the ailment.

Unpalatable—Suppose, first, that America stopped spending more than $100,000,000 monthly to set aside gold—in other words, abandoned its sterilization of gold. In that case the New Deal would be back where it was prior to December, when inflowing gold was ballooning bank-deposits at the rate of $1,000,000,000 a year. The abandonment of sterilization, therefore, is unpalatable to the New Deal because it would reverse efforts to tighten credit brakes.

Suppose the Treasury went to the root of the evil, sought to discourage the gold inflow by lowering the price of gold from $35 an ounce to, say, $30 an ounce. A dollar would then be equivalent to one-thirtieth of an ounce of gold, instead of one-thirty-fifth. In other words, in terms of gold, it would be a more valuable dollar—in fact, 16 2/3 per cent. more valuable in the international market.

European investors would rush to repatriate American investments here to pocket the profit, and securities markets would crack. In addition, America's foreign trade would be upset.

Suppose America discourages gold imports by penalizing foreign investors with punitive taxes. (The Treasury actually considered this move until it became alarmed by the possible consequences.) Americans also invest abroad. And punitive taxation on foreigners would result in punitive taxation on Americans. Furthermore, it would violate commercial treaties which Secretary of State Hull had won after laborious bargaining.

Or the Treasury might establish a free market for gold in New York similar to the free market for gold in London. In that case, persons of means would again be permitted to buy gold at a price determined in open-market buying and selling. This would ease the pressure on the Treasury.

But why should persons of means want to buy gold? Gold is no protection against inflation. Since its purchasing power rises and falls just as the purchasing power of money rises and falls, gold can protect only against currency depreciation. And there is little danger of currency depreciation in the United States.

Fear—On the other hand, potential gold purchasers might be deterred by the fear that gold might go down in value, which of course would mean a loss. A rise of gold, on the other hand, might lead the Government again to confiscate gold.

One possible solution remains, and conviction grew among observers last week that within a month the Treasury might resort to it. This solution involved a threat by *Uncle Sam* to embargo gold.

The threat would work this way: The British Empire is the world's largest gold-producer. South Africa in 1936, for instance, led the world with a gold production estimated at $397,000,000 (at the $35 an ounce price). Obviously South Africa's welfare depends on the continued market for its gold. And England in turn depends upon South Africa for much of its trade. If America were to refuse to buy gold, the crisis in South Africa would reverberate in London.

Uncle Sam can therefore use the embargo as a bargaining weapon to induce England to discourage shipments of capital to America.

H. C. L.: Fatter Pay-Envelops for Steel-Workers, But Grocer and Butcher Take More

In Weirton, West Virginia; in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania; Gary, Indiana, and other steel towns, wage-earners last week scratched their heads over spiraling living costs, realized with growing dismay that the new expanded wages actually were buying less of the necessities of life than the old.

A month ago, more than 550,000 machinists, puddlers and laborers jubilantly hailed 15 per cent. increases which swelled pay-envelops by a $4 average. But grocers, butchers and landlords had heard of increases, too. As increases became effective, last week, wage-earners were discovering that price rises already were devouring them.

At Weirton, 12,000 employees of the

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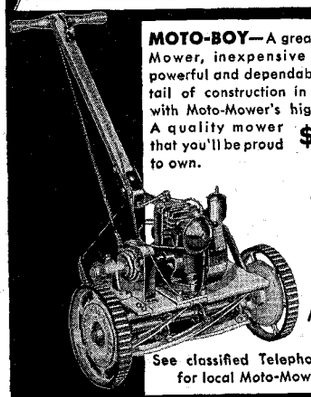

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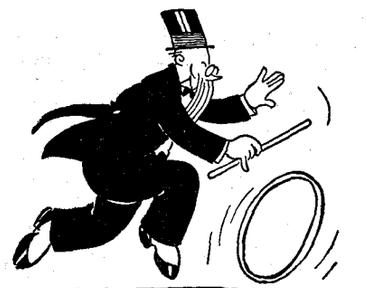

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National Steel Company thumbed over boosts which would run into $3,600,000 yearly. They found, however, on returning home with the glad tidings, that the landlord in many cases had been there before them. The average three-room flat for which the worker had paid $24 monthly now cost $33 (roughly, an $8 room had advanced to $11).

Foods—For sugar, canned goods, beef and vegetables, the worker at Weirton as yet has paid relatively little more. Two pounds of ham which had cost 55 cents in March now cost 58 cents; lard, sugar and cabbage had moved forward a penny a pound. Canned vegetables, coffee, bread and milk still clung to the old levels.

What the wage-earner at Weirton and other West Virginia steel towns didn't know, however, was that wholesalers already had begun to push food prices forward. These advances had been absorbed by the retailers, who were marking time until wage-increases became effective. Now that the increases were beginning to clink in workers' jeans, butchers, grocers and bakers were planning to push prices forward at least ten per cent.

Since food, according to the National Industrial Conference Board, consumes one-third of the moderately circumstanced family's income, a good fraction of the wage-earner's increase could be said to have been spent even before it emerged from the pay-envelop. Rents take 20 per cent. of the worker's family budget. Rents in Weirton have advanced up to 37½ per cent.!

In Bethlehem, home of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, rents moved forward an estimated five per cent.; foodstuffs remained stable for the time.

In Gary, employees of the United States Steel Corporation found quarters for their families now cost from $2.50 to $10 more than last month. And to stock a market-basket, a Gary workman's wife has to pay an additional penny for every 12 cents spent. (An advance of 8½ per cent.)

THE LITERARY DIGEST surveyed shops frequented by steel-workers, found these prices:

	February 23	April 4
3 pounds round steak	$0.90	$0.95
2 pounds unsliced bacon	.50	.52
1 quart milk	.13	.13
1 pound butter	.35	.36
1 pound lard	.13½	.13½
1 dozen best brown eggs	.23	.25
1 loaf bread	.10	.10
1 peck potatoes	.43	.49
3 pounds cabbage	.09	.13
1 can corn	.09	.12
1 can peas	.09	.12
1 can tomatoes	.07½	.09
5 pounds sugar	.24	.27
1 pound coffee	.21	.22
	$3.57	$3.88½

STORM OVER SCHWAB:
Steel-Master Keeps $200,000 Post After Stockholders' Row

Three years ago, Charles M. Schwab retired as President of the Whist Club (New York) which he had headed for twenty years. He was then seventy-two and declared he was withdrawing more and more from business affairs, was giving only a few hours to Bethlehem Steel Corporation, of which he is Chairman at $200,000 a year.

"I have always looked upon industry as an art," he told reporters. "Perhaps that's why my enthusiasm for business is as strong to-day as it was fifty years ago. I'll never stop." Mr. Schwab revealed he

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was cloistering himself in the library of his 1,000-acre estate, "*Immergrün*," on the crest of the Alleghany Mountains in dozing Loretto, Pennsylvania, was reading "historical novels . . . and early English writers like Smollett, and particularly autobiographies."

Last week, at Bethlehem's annual stockholders' meeting in Wilmington, Delaware, Lewis Gilbert, America's No. 1 minority stockholder (LITERARY DIGEST, April 17), sought to provide Schwab with still more time for reading by moving to pension him off as honorary chairman at $25,000 a year.

Storm—"The Chairman has outlived his usefulness," Gilbert protested from his chair directly facing the aging Schwab. The steel-master flushed, looked hurt, and his eyes began to water. Friends at the mahogany officers' table turned livid. A stockholder behind Gilbert screamed, "Punch him in the snoot!"

Instead of punching Gilbert in the snoot, the twenty-five stockholders present (Bethlehem boasts 46,000 holders of common) socked Gilbert's motion—2,500,000 shares to 269—, thereby indicated that to them Schwab was worth his $200,000 salary if for no other reason than because of his past work for Bethlehem Steel.

Pictures, Inc.

John Sauermunst points a reproving finger at L. Coshland and his ally, Lewis Gilbert, for trying to oust Charles Schwab (extreme right), who takes it smilingly

A $200,000 yearly salary amounts to more than $3,800 weekly. Which makes a handsome pay envelop, but not the handsomest Schwab has earned. In 1900, English steel men offered him $1,000,000 a year to come to England and reorganize steel properties there. Andrew Carnegie, then Schwab's boss at the Carnegie Steel Corporation, countered with a contract guaranteeing $1,000,000 a year for five years. As United States Steel's first President, Schwab drew salary and bonus exceeding $2,000,000 for the first year. Now his fortune exceeds $200,000,000.

Regular—At seventy-five, Bethlehem's Chairman is a man of regular habits, rises at 6:30 A.M., seldom goes to bed later than 9 P.M., abjures tobacco, seldom imbibes alcohol, seldom, if ever, misses a Bethlehem directors' meeting.

The minority stockholder who broke a lance with Bethlehem's elder statesman and taunted Bethlehem's President, Grace, to the verge of letting fly with both fists, was busy this week hustling to meetings of other corporations, popping questions and ruffling officers.

At twenty-four (he is now twenty-nine), Lewis Gilbert came into a modest fortune of investments in a small number of corporations. Since then he has diversified his portfolio among some fifty corporations. His original holdings were small, from five to 100 shares in each concern. On receiving his first notice of a stockholders' meeting, Gilbert threw the proxy away, attended in person. At the meeting, he arose to pop a question. Directors snickered, adjourned the meeting before Gilbert had had his answer.

Fighter—Incensed, Gilbert determined to devote his life to fighting for the small stockholder's rights, learned to yell "one share's as good as a thousand," when badgered officers demanded sarcastically how many shares he held.

He read up on corporation law, avoided any kind of work so that irate corporations could not bring pressure upon his employer. Soon minority stockholders the country over began to send their proxies to him.

In turn, Gilbert works in his home far into the night after each meeting, sends to stockholders his observations of meetings, the attitude of officers. When two sessions fall on the same day he sends his younger brother, John. Expenses total about $50 yearly for railroad fares. Grateful stockholder correspondents sometimes contribute postage.

Gilbert declares that his five-year campaign has yielded one important victory: the right to question directors.

Five Points—Now he is pressing for less perfunctory annual meetings, eventually hopes to gain all of his five-point program: (1) Publicity on officers' salaries in the annual report, (2) top salaries of $60,000, (3) no stockholders' meetings in out-of-the-way towns (Gilbert charges some companies run away to inaccessible meeting-places), (4) ownership of stock by directors in their own names, and (5) cumulative voting for directors to permit minority stockholders a voice in the corporation's affairs.

A furious corporation lawyer once bellowed at Gilbert, "I wish you were dead!" But some corporation officers treat him more courteously. Gilbert likes the meetings of R. H. Macy & Co. He describes National Lead Company as "ideal for stockholders," has a kind word for Standard Oil of New Jersey. National Dairy Products Corporation and Otis Elevator hold places dear to Gilbert's heart because of their "excellent management of meetings and free access to corporate information."

When Gilbert is not attending meetings he is boning up on economics, studying balance sheets, clipping financial pages and collecting stamps.

When the April "meeting season" is over he intends to sail for Europe to study companies there.

BUSINESS BRIEFS

At 7:30 A.M. one day last week, 115 employees of the sixty-five-year-old Yahr-Lange Drug Company, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, sat down. Telephones jangled. Customers' calls went unheeded by sit-downers, who played bridge, smoked, chatted. To company salesmen on the road, telegrams ordered, "Sit Down!" They did, in their parked automobiles. Reason for the sit-down: the strikers declared the company hired young men, fired them when they were ripe for pay increases. Upshot: They wanted no higher wages. What they wanted instead was that Fred E. Yahr, company President and General Manager, quit. Late that afternoon, the employees had won their point, fired their boss. Mr. Yahr held his Presidency, but quit his Managership, decided to go fishing or take a trip to Europe.

* * *

In 1933, stockholders of America's No. 1 bank, the Chase National of New York, sued Albert Henry Wiggin, the bank's former Chairman, and other officers and directors in an attempt to recoup huge losses allegedly incurred through mismanagement of Chase and its securities affiliate, the Amerex Holding Corporation. The suit followed disclosures made by Wiggin under the prodding of Ferdinand Pecora, counsel for a Senate banking investigation. Last week, Wiggin offered to pay $2,000,000 in settlement of stockholders' claims. The estates of two other Chase directors, Charles M. Hayden, former senior partner of Hayden, Stone & Company, bankers, and Lewis Cass Ledyard, Jr., former attorney, offered to chip in an additional $250,000 apiece. Suing stockholders accepted the compromise, awaited judicial sanction of the deal.

* * *

Catapulted by armament demands, glycerin last week soared to 34 cents a pound (wholesale), more than doubled the 14½-cent price of 1936. The reason: Glycerin is a by-product of soap, and the amount depends entirely on the quantity of soap produced. Naturally, "soapers" refused to manufacture additional soap for which there is no market merely to augment the supply of a profitable by-product.

* * *

In 1939, America will gain a new major industry: Operation of New York World's Fair concessions, expected to gross $50,000,000 annually. Last week, the Fair's Executive Committee announced that concessions would be placed on the auction-block, knocked down to the highest bidder.

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Mail

(Continued from page 1)

claimant to the throne of Hoboland, called Jeff Davis an impostor, I hastened to the headquarters of the Twenty-ninth Annual Convention of the Hobos of America.

Jeff Davis denies your evidence, says that Dan O'Brien is the impostor, that every one of the several other claimants is of the same stripe. There's only one King, says Jeff, and he's it. . . . He was elected "for life" at the Pittsburgh convention in 1935, and membership cards carry that statement.

Jeff leafed through letters he took out of every pocket, showed me his pasteboard filing-case and his scrap-book to prove his title. He showed me clippings yellowed with age, documents of all kinds that told of "Jeff Davis, King of the Hobos."

Jeff insists all his publicity has been to make the public realize the difference between a hobo, a tramp and a bum. . . . And that line about Jeff retiring and getting married some few years ago: "Why," says Jeff, "I was married in 1900. . . . Dan O'Brien has been married three times."

To cap his statements, Jeff looked around at the 'bos present at the convention and exclaimed: "If Dan O'Brien thinks he's King, why ain't he here to tell his story?"

St. Louis, Missouri.

A quick excursion to any newspaper morgue will reveal dozens of news stories proclaiming as "King of the Hobos" both Davis and O'Brien. O'Brien has his clippings—Davis his. While Davis admits his marriage, O'Brien denies even one such experience.

The story in THE DIGEST makes no denial of Davis's claim to kingship, admits the competition for that title, infers that playing with "the King business" is a favorite pastime of the Knights of the Road.—*Editor.*

Vice

By DR. EDGAR A. LOWTHER, Minister of Temple Methodist Episcopal Church—

In your summary report on the graft and vice investigations here, I notice reference to my opinion based on the Atherton report. May I thank you for reporting it more accurately than the local press? I do not favor legalized vice, but I do favor taking its supervision from the Police Department here and everywhere and making the Board of Health the primary agency through which the law should function.

The country that has succeeded most effectively in the eradication of prostitution and venereal diseases is Sweden. I believe the main provisions of the Swedish law could be put into effect here. Prostitution is primarily a moral and medical problem and can be solved through an adequate program of preventive education and a thoroughgoing program of registration (not licensed prostitution) as in Sweden.

The police should serve the mandate of the Department of Health. That is the way out.

San Francisco, California.

Baldheads

By SARAH H. CHAPIN—

In the March 20 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST are pictures of the Board of Directors of the New York Life Insurance Company. They are fine, capable-looking men, but, alas, bald and graying hair and worn faces lead me to fear that quite a number of them are nearing that awful age of seventy.

Is that company making arrangements to pension, and so get rid of their soon-to-be unwise guidance? Are they preparing to install young men who know so much better the duties incumbent in the direction of so great a concern?

Yes, yes! Let us give the young unskilled men the places held by these old grayheads in business, education and Church. Let us "sit down" and work this thing out.

Newburgh, Indiana.

"And there came forth little children out of the city, and mocked him, and said unto him, Go up, thou baldhead; go up, thou baldhead . . . and there came forth two she-bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them." (II Kings 2:23-24).—*Editor.*

"THE CAMEL'S NOT COMING"

—Russell in Los Angeles Times

Embarrassed?

By PHILLA PARSONS—

". . . a little note-book for jotting down all words that cause embarrassment because their meanings . . . were incorrect." This quotation is an excerpt from the article, "Poor Jack," devoted to the book "Give Yourself Background," which appeared in the March 20 issue.

Would you jot down in your little note-book the word "apt" which appeared in the same article: "The vocabulary of the average business man is apt to be small." Are you embarrassed? Santa Barbara, California.

No. Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary says "Apt: Having a natural or habitual tendency; liable, likely." Are you?—*Editor.*

"THREE MEN ON A HORSE"

—Herblock in Winston-Salem Journal

"What the Devil"

By AUGUSTA F. DITTY—

Wasn't the Editor in too great haste when he replied to Wilbur Gettig? Surely "country" is the subject of "does . . . mean." If one wishes to consider "what the devil" as a noun clause, it is the object of the verb.

Baltimore, Maryland.

Both "country" and "what" can be considered either as the subject or the predicate nominative of the verb "does . . . mean." Therefore, the sentence can read: "What does mean country," or "Country does mean what."—*Editor.*

Slither and Sludge

By C. K. PREUS—

"U. S. EPITHETS AT NAZIS SET NEW HIGH" . . . Is this a fair caption?

This business of international name-calling is a two-way proposition. So, when I read in THE LITERARY DIGEST, "Nazi Bouquets . . . following is a comparative list," I thought that on one page would be Nazi epithets at the U. S., on another page U. S. epithets at the Nazis, according to the usual fair practise of THE DIGEST. But there was none.

Recently, I spent eight months in a German University, during which time I rarely saw an unkind remark in the German press directed at the United States. It is sickening to read the daily slither and sludge about Nazi Germany in our newspapers and magazines; yes, even in THE LITERARY DIGEST.

Perth Amboy, New Jersey.

"Revenooers"

By JAMES FREE—

"Them damn revenooers" in Alabama have become respectable Federal Alcohol Tax Unit investigators. And, incidentally, have seized more stills and arrested more violators in the past two years than have their associates in any other State.

They are the nation's champion "fox and hound" man-hunting enforcement agency. They make all captures by superior woodcraft, raiding tactics and speed afoot.

Their resourcefulness, coupled with changing State policy in establishing legal liquor stores, is weaning many old-time moonshine families from their traditional trade.

Birmingham, Alabama.

Price of Gold

By EDWARD C. WARREN—

Under "Business Briefs" in your March 27 issue, you mention the price of gold in London as approximately $20 an ounce. Our daily papers give it as 142 shillings, 3½ pence, or $34.76.

Your own price quotation appears to be a misstatement. Toronto, Canada.

Mr. Warren is correct.—*Editor.*

Sit-Down Strikes

By ROBERT BURGESS—

Your recent résumé of current strikes which appeared in an article entitled "Washington Feels Labor Pressure" showed admirably the various forces for and against the "sit-down." The following incident may be of interest to your readers, as it shows where the children stand on this question.

The students of East Nashville High School organized the original cafeteria strike there. Complaints were against "jam sandwiches" (two pieces of bread jammed together), prices higher than those of the restaurants around the corner.

The East High strike was settled with the appointment by the principal of a committee of investigation and recommendation.

A committee from Hume Fogg met with the strikers' committee and decided to strike against like conditions in their school. The principal joined in good-naturedly and brought his lunch in a little paper bag. After the fun was over, they were promised the same treatment as East High had been given.

Result: a cheap plate lunch is now being served in the two schools, ice-cream is served in individual packages, the students have something about which to talk.

Nashville, Tennessee.

By NICOLAS WILLS—

The sit-down strike brings up the fundamental question of the rights of the individual.

Property rights, part of the rights of an individual, were a fundamental issue of the French Revolution. The King claimed to be the State (l'Etat, c'est moi); all property rights originated from him. The *bourgeoisie,* on the other hand, claimed the State was the people.

With *bourgeois* victory, property rights are now taken for granted. Theoretically, we all have "liberty, equality and fraternity." But the *bourgeoisie* who fought for property rights now have all the property. Few workers where strikes are taking place own even the houses they live in.

Under the circumstances, sit-down strikes are a weapon in the twentieth century fight between property rights and human rights. Individuals denied the right to a decent living-wage and reasonable working-hours have become a mass. Casting about, they have found the sit-down strike an effective weapon.

Capital has used worse ones: the labor-spy and, earlier, the importation of cheap foreign labor. And, as in the case of the *bourgeoisie vs.* the nobility, the *bourgeoisie* are not going to give in without a fight. There will be, however, no "terror." New York City.

"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE OLD BUS? IT RUNS!"

—Carlisle in Des Moines Register

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Off-Side

Choice?—Wilmot Oakley, thirty, of Mashpee, Massachusetts, received his choice from Superior Court Judge J. Arthur Baker: either he would attend church every Sunday and shy away from alcohol, or else . . . He's on probation now for a year.

* * *

Business—Ernie Meyer, who runs a coffee shop in Decorah, Kansas, alongside of a movie theater, is leery of strange phone-calls now. "What's the picture tonight?" inquired a voice recently. "Mind Your Own Business," replied genial Meyer. That happened to be the show's title. "Well, if that's the way you feel about it, all right," the inquirer announced, slamming the phone.

* * *

Taxes — The Wright-Webster County line makes L. V. Sherwood, farmer, of Cedar Gap, Missouri, a taxpayer twice over. The line runs through the middle of his house. He eats his meals in Wright County. He rests in an easy-chair in both counties. He pays taxes in both counties, but he votes in Webster County—because he sleeps in it.

* * *

Ace—Testing an ax almost cost the lives of two boys in Redwood City, California. George Quinn, eighteen, and John Craig, thirteen, went into the barn and found the only "testable" things were the uprights. Result: the barn collapsed.

* * *

Bears—It's perplexing to be a bear in Wyoming. In seven scattered parts of the State, they are classed as game animals, get full protection of the law except for two open seasons annually. In other parts of the State, they are listed as "predatory" animals.

* * *

Bikes — Something Luther Burbank never thought of was grafting bicycles. It's been done in Cleveland, where Howard Millar and John Nielson put two vehicles together, arranged a three-wheeled, double-jointed bike.

* * *

Linguist — Arrested, Morris Levin, twenty-nine, of South Bend, Indiana, told police he could speak forty-eight languages, 300 dialects. He answered questions in a dozen tongues, but was stumped when asked to sign his name in English on a finger-print card. "I can't do it," he said. "But I can write it in twenty-nine other languages."

* * *

"Beans"—John Graves is an ordinary pilot, but when he gets near New Mexico, he is "Chief Flying Beans" to the Navajo Indians. They gave the name to him several years ago when he flew over a group of snow-bound Indians and dropped food to them.

What's The Name, Please?

Festetics—Hungarian Fascist—call it *fes'te-teech.*

al-Masali al-Tilimsani—Algerian Nationalist—with soft *s: al-mu-zah-lee al-tee-leem-zah-nee.*

Cassillis—Scottish Earl—second *i* silent: hence, *cas-sils.*

Dynevor—Welsh Baron—pronounced *din'ny-vor.*

Galway—the 8th Viscount—rimes with *hallway.*

Leicester—the Earl of—as if spelled *Lester.*

Ruthven—Scottish Baron—he calls it *riv'ven.*

Teignmouth—Irish Baron—and he is *tin'muth.*

Wemyss—11th Earl of—while he is *weems.*

Willoughby de Broke—20th Baron—*Broke* is *brook.*

Slips That Pass in Type

The Leaning Tower of Pisa, built in 1354 by an architect sixteen feet off center.—*Helena (Ark.) paper.*

We suspected he was unbalanced.

Girl Arrives by Plane Clad in Blue Pajamas.—*Los Angeles paper.*

Sleeper?

Taking his typewriter in hand and dipping it in red ink, he wrote: "Please call at my office at your earliest convenience."—*Mountain View (Calif.) paper.*

Neatest trick of the week.

Death was due to a heart attack by Dr. S. B. R——, medical examiner.—*Stamford (Conn.) paper.*

He'll probably say he was just practising.

Applications which an estimated 1,400-1,500 blond persons will fill out for social security grants will be ready probably by June 15.—*Raleigh (N. C.) paper.*

Peroxid insurance.

Missouri Mouse Defeats Resolution Third Time After Three and One-Half Hours of Debate.—*St. Louis paper.*

No church-mouse, he.

On their return to the Nnited States in the automn, Prince and Princess Chichibu will see not only Washington, but Chicago and some othr Western cuties as well.—*New York paper.*

And we recommend them highly.

The report completely ignored the council, which is the elective body of the borough and responsible for all municipal activities and other discrepencies.—*Cambridge (Pa.) paper.*

Like tax-levying?

Safety-Pins Presented to Car Drivers.—*Los Angeles paper.*

To hold themselves together?

THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Gentleman.—At Oxford, they preserve the honor system at all costs. There, a gentleman's word is never doubted regardless of the situations which may arise. One morning, a student was called up to the Dean's office and informed that he had been seen several times with a young lady after the prescribed hours.

Very calmly, the student said, "But that girl is my sister."

The Dean, agast, replied, "Your sister? That girl is known as a notorious trollop."

"Yes, sir," the student replied, maintaining his serenity, "it causes mother and me a great deal of worry."—*Varieties.*

Impetuous.—A football player was instructing a group of eager young fellows in the art of the game.

"Mind," he said, "if you can't kick the ball, kick one of the players on the other team. Let's get busy. Where's the ball?"

"Never mind the ball, let's get going with the game!" cried an enthusiastic young pupil.—*Columbia Jester.*

Ghosts.—Two colored boys were having an argument about ghosts. One of them claimed to have seen a ghost the night before.

"What was dis here ghos' doin' when you las' seen him?" asked the doubting one.

"Jes' fallin' behin', mistah; fallin' behin' rapid."—*Grit (Sydney, Australia).*

Reason.—"Is ink so very expensive, father?"

"Why, no, what makes you think so?"

"Well, mother seems quite disturbed because I spilled some on the hall carpet."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Poor Memory.—Scientist (to Pharmacist): "Give me some prepared monaceticacidester of salicylic acid."

Pharmacist: "Do you mean aspirin?"

Scientist: "That's right! I can never think of that name."—*Boys' Life.*

Last Stop.—Old Colored Mammy: "I wants a ticket for Magnolia."

Ticket Agent (after ten minutes of weary thumbing over railroad guides): "Where is Magnolia?"

Old Colored Mammy: "She's settin' over dar on de bench."—*Exchange.*

Genuine.—"Is that a real bloodhound?"

"A real bloodhound? I'll say! Here Rover, bleed for the lady."—*Annapolis Log.*

Doubt?—Hotel Page: "Telegram for Mr. Neidspondavanci, Mr. Neidspondavanci."

Mr. Neidspondavanci: "What initial, please?"—*Drexel Institute Drexerd.*

Frugal.—"What are the prices of the seats, mister?"

"Front seats one shilling, back seats sixpence, and program a penny."

"I'll sit on a program, please."—*The Watchman-Examiner.*

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